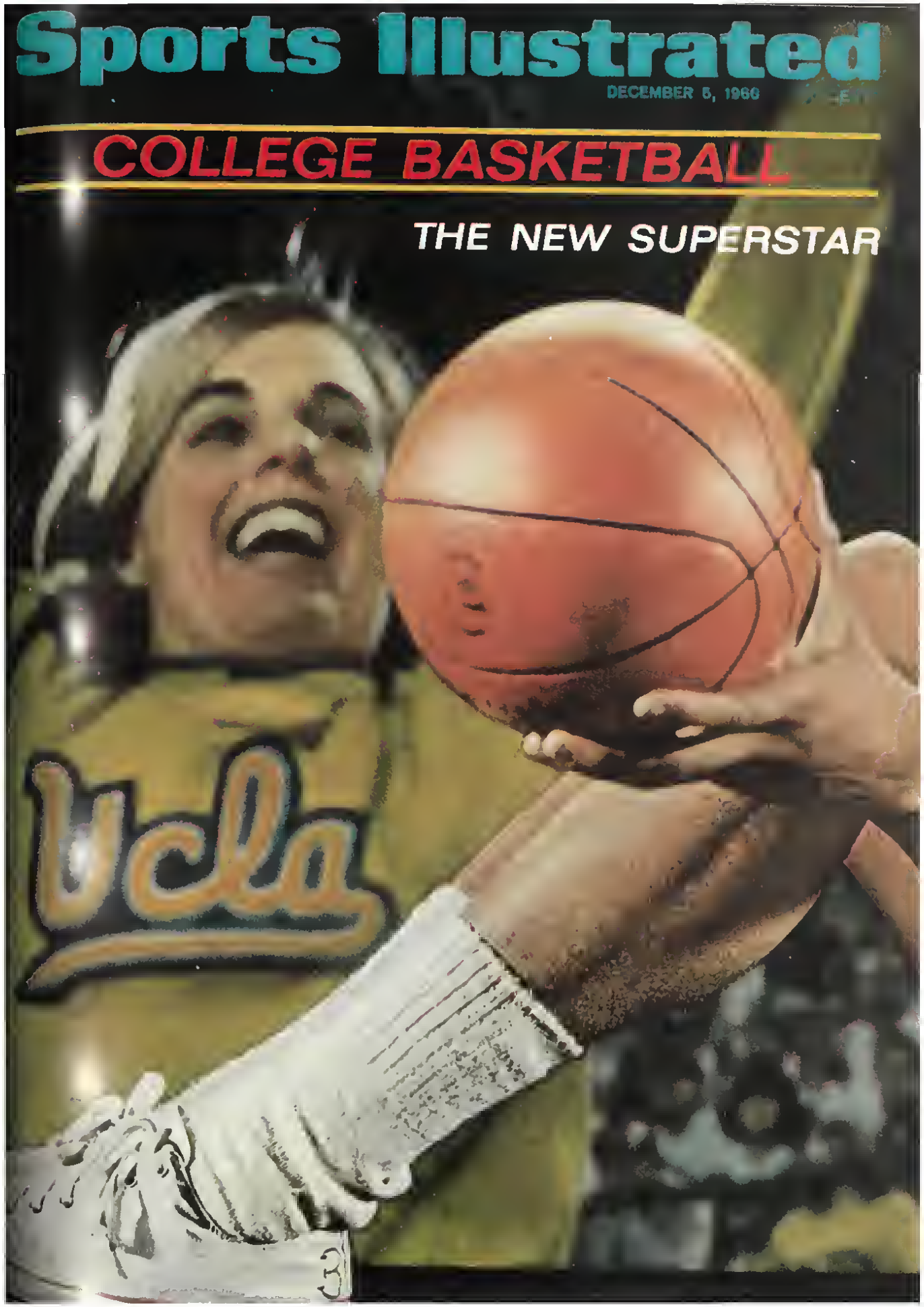
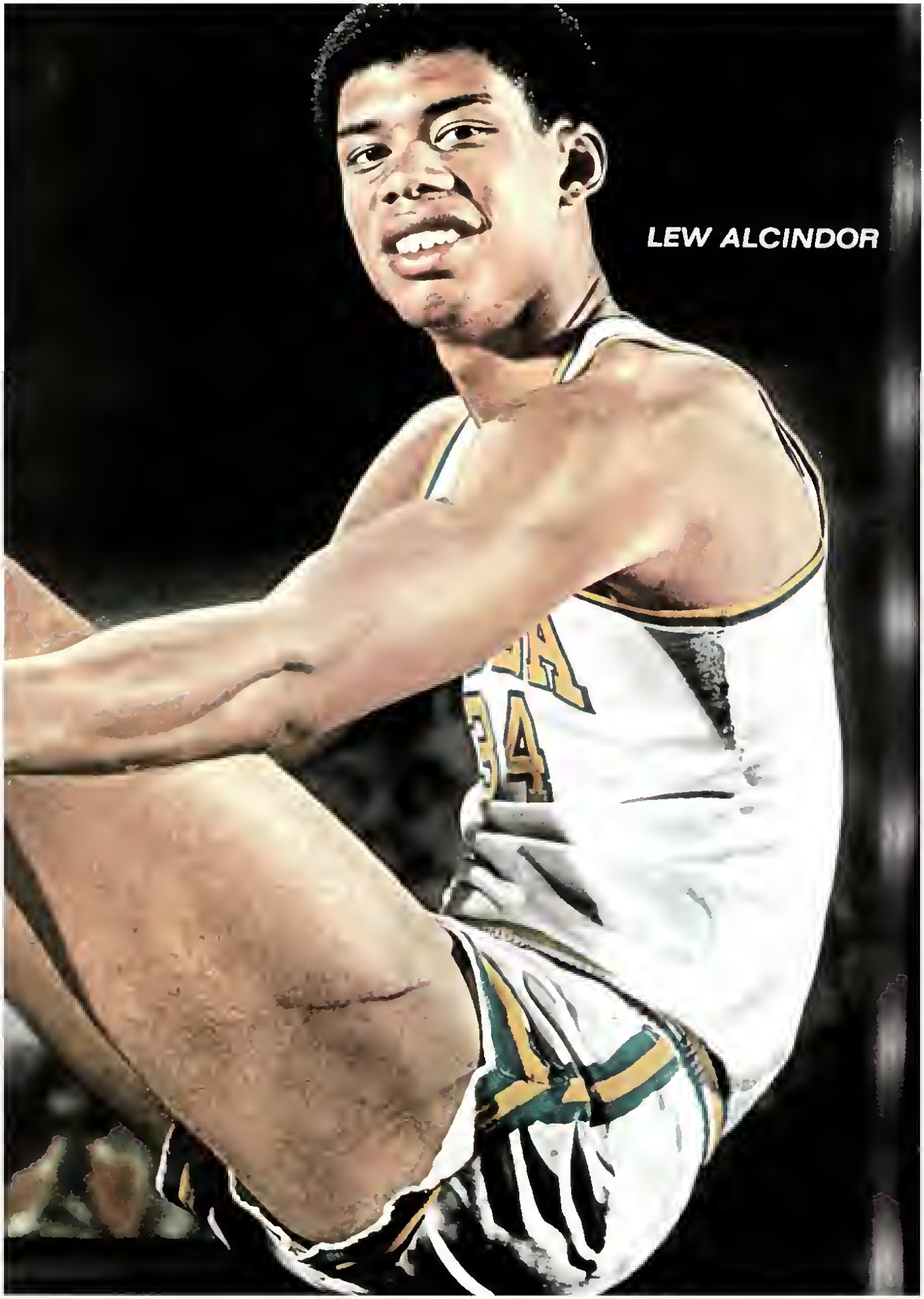
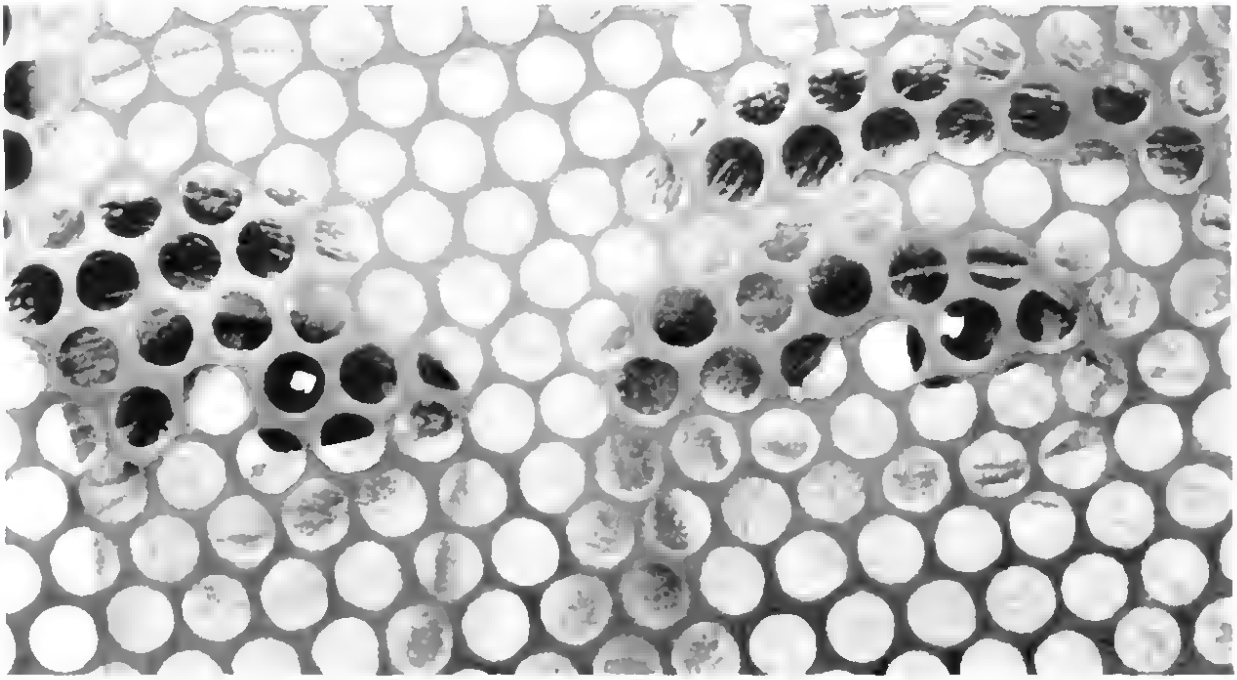

Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 5, 1960
COLLEGE BASKETBALL
THE NEW SUPERSTAR
UCLA


LEW ALCINDOR

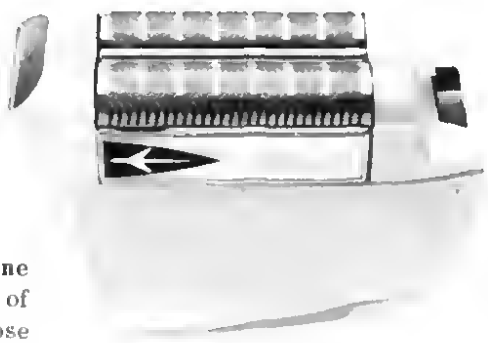


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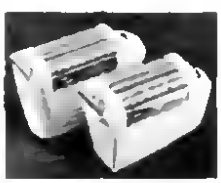
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Credits on page 113

Next week

THE TOUGHEST PUNCH in hockey is George (Punch) Imlach, coach of the Maple Leafs. Pete Axthelm tells how he turns unpopularity into grudging respect and respect into victory.

THE TEXAS WESTERN Miners are the champions of college basketball, but few expect them to win again. Frank Deford examines their chances of upsetting all those predictions.

THE FIGHTER is far from the ring now, but he is still searching for the stars. A moving portrait by Mark Kram of Old Heavyweight Lou Nova, raconteur, inventor, movie actor.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Our College Basketball Issue last year featured an article on how to beat the zone press, the defensive tactic that seemed to be taking over the game. Sure enough, somebody beat it. No team that used the zone press got to the championship round of the NCAAs later in the season. This year (*page 71*) we present the best available opinions on how to beat the good big man. However, after studying the problem ourselves and taking a long look at UCLA's Alcindor and his UCLA team, we are betting on the good big man to prevail.

Not only do we expect a good big man—or two, or three, or four—to be at the finals in Louisville on March 24, but we also expect the zone press to be there. As Coach John Wooden of UCLA reveals in our scouting reports on the nation's best teams, UCLA will continue to use the press, and Big Lew will play a vital role in its deployment against rival offenses.

Alcindor's appearance on our cover marks one of the rare times that a sophomore athlete has received such recognition. Though he has yet to play his first game in varsity competition, we believe he is the sport's most important college performer. Crowds of coaches attended his games with the UCLA Brubabes last season, and all came away as impressed as we are.

The story about Lew that begins on page 40 has special interest because it is the result of the first interview granted to any sportswriter. In high school in New York and as a UCLA freshman he had turned down all requests. Actually, the photographer who took the cover portrait, Neil Leifer, was the first journalist to arrange a meeting with Alcindor. That took place at a studio in New York when Lew was home on vacation last spring. Leifer found Alcindor to be one of the most inquisitive subjects that he has ever photographed. Lew was so interested in every aspect of the camera work that soon he was functioning as photographer's assistant as well as subject. He posed for nearly four hours, and Leifer calls him "the most cooperative athlete I have ever worked with."

Lew was equally responsive with Associate Editor Frank Deford, who met with him this fall. "He is very articulate," Deford says, "and he expands on his answers, even when he doesn't particularly like the question. Though he is not enthusiastic about being interviewed, he is so polite and expresses himself so well that he should always have a very good relationship with the press."

Opposing players and coaches, then, are the only ones with a Lew Alcindor problem. And they know it. When we polled coaches for their thoughts on the subject, Abe Lemons of Oklahoma City said he'd be glad to diagram a couple of ways to stop Lew. He whipped out a piece of paper and drew:



Oh, well, Abe, UCLA has Lew Alcindor, but Oklahoma City has Miss America. Win a few, lose a few.

Gary Ball

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The year? 1921. The scene? Silver Lake, Colorado — where 76 inches of snow covered the town in 24 hours according to U. S. Weather Bureau statistics. And in those days getting out meant shoveling out. We're not predicting this sort of a blizzard, but the total snowfall around your neighborhood this winter could be a humdinger. So meet it head on with an Ariens — the powerful 2-stage Sno-Thro with 4 speeds forward and reverse. Your nearby Ariens Dealer is an expert on snow removal. Why not see him for a demonstration of America's finest Sno-Thro. Do it today . . . whatever the weather. (The 5 and 6 H.P. Models can also mow the lawn and vacuum leaves.)

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SHOPWALK

A girl's whim and a bottle of blue ink gave the Macdonalds a new business

For thousands of years man has been aware that warmth and protection from winter winds could be attained by turning a sheepskin inside out. However, the use of sheepskin in a fashionable wardrobe today is due in part to the enterprising Macdonald family of Alexandria, a small town near Loch Lomond in Scotland.

Donald Macdonald had been in the skin and fur business for 27 years, but it was his daughter Grace who started a new branch of the business when she decided one day in 1955 that she would love to own a colored sheepskin coat—a blue one. She dyed some skins with ink and had coats made up for her mother and herself. Soon they both were besieged by women seeking to buy similar coats, and thus the sheepskin, heretofore known only in its natural color, went from low to high fashion.

The family named its new enterprise Antartex in tribute to the British and New Zealand Antarctic expeditions, for which Macdonald previously had supplied sheepskins. Macdonald at first was skeptical that the sheepskin-coat business would amount to much, but today he is a happy man in sheep's clothing. His new venture brings in $1.5 million a year and employs 300 people in the factory in Scotland. Six retail stores in the U.S. now carry the Antartex line, and more are planned. A full range of 14 styles in 10 colors is available. Prices range from $60 for a woman's short jacket to $180 for a man's full-length coat. Most garments are bound in leather and come in the basic model made with fleecy fur, the same style made with curly fur for $25 more, or made-to-measure for $50 extra. A London couturier, Ronald Peterson, designs many of the Macdonald coats.

The sheepskins are imported from Africa, Argentina, New Zealand and the U.S. North American sheepskin wears especially well and is usually used for men's coats. Argentina provides the curly lamb, which is also sheared and made into women's expensive broadtail jackets and coats by other furriers. According to U.S. Army research, sheepskin is the warmest "fur" in existence. It is thick and the leather is water repellent. Although sheepskin is bulky, it is light and pliable enough to insure good fit. The Scots also make use of the odd pieces left over after cutting, turning out mitts, hats and slippers, all hand-sewn by local women. For their customers the Macdonalds provide a complete dry-cleaning and repair service. Further information can be had by writing Mrs. Garland Carson, Antartex, 920 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis.

—Felicia Lee

There's a regulation that says all watch manufacturers have to use a certain minimum amount of gold on a gold watch case. Whether it's an 18K, 14K or 10K gold watch. And that's what a lot of them use. The minimum amount. We don't.

We use more gold than we have to. Sometimes as much as fifty percent more. How come?

Because a case wears better that way. Especially around the edges. You may not notice the difference at first. But time will tell.

That's just one nice thing about using more gold. Here's another. Wearing a Bulova with a gold case means you're wearing a little more jewelry on your wrist.

When you know what makes a watch tick, you'll buy a Bulova.

Bulova ignored a government regulation when it made this 18K gold watch.



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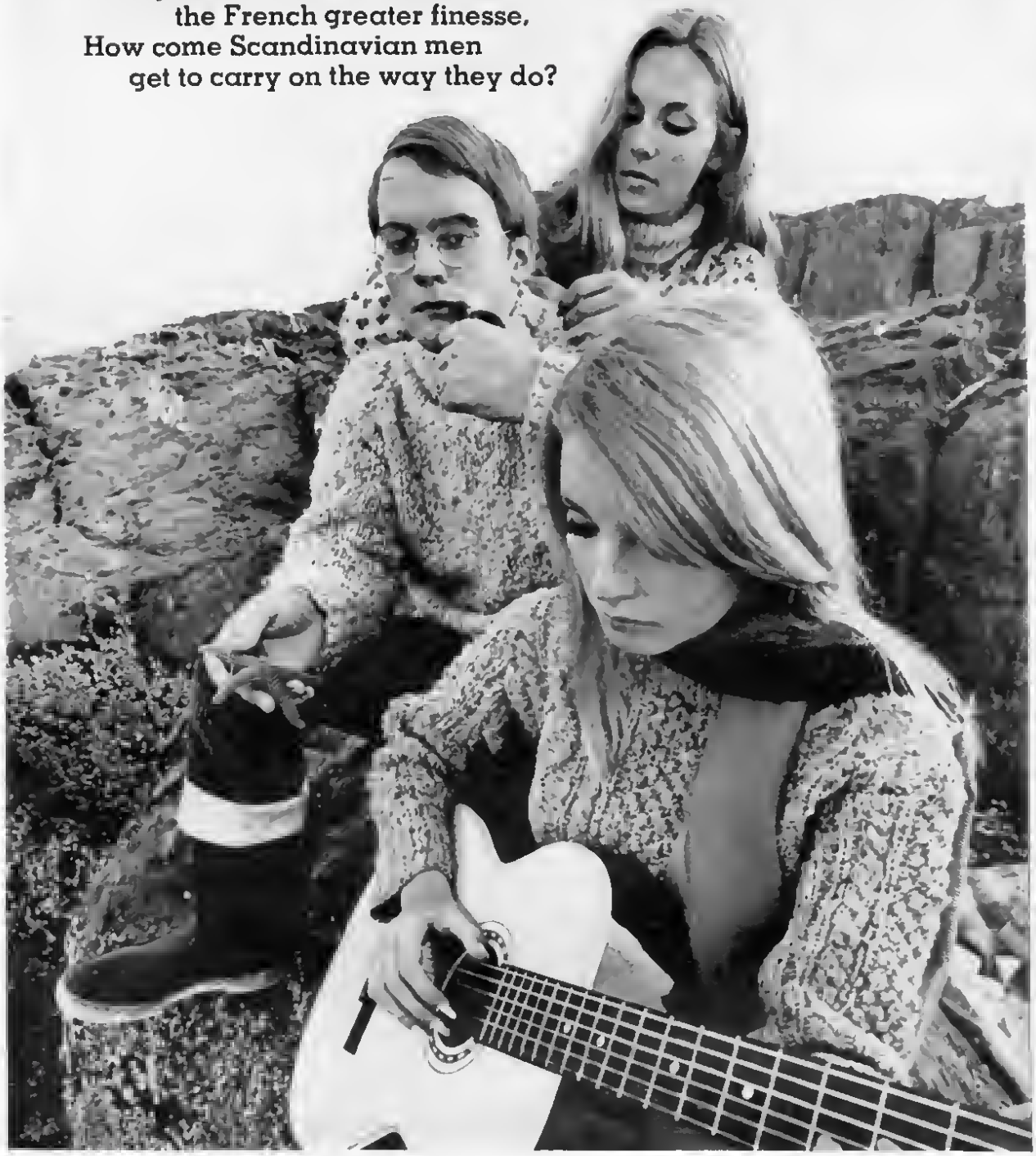


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Englishmen have more dash,
the French greater finesse,
How come Scandinavian men
get to carry on the way they do?



Petter Jorgenssen believes in a schedule for everything and everything on schedule. Invariably, he wears steel rimmed glasses, a warm sweater, and a scent called Teak. Yesterday Pia and her sister Mia invited him on a picnic. It wasn't bad enough that they ruined his digestion by serving lunch 17 minutes late, but they brought pâté sandwiches and champagne when they know he always has coddled eggs on Wednesday. Here, Pia and Mia plead for forgiveness.

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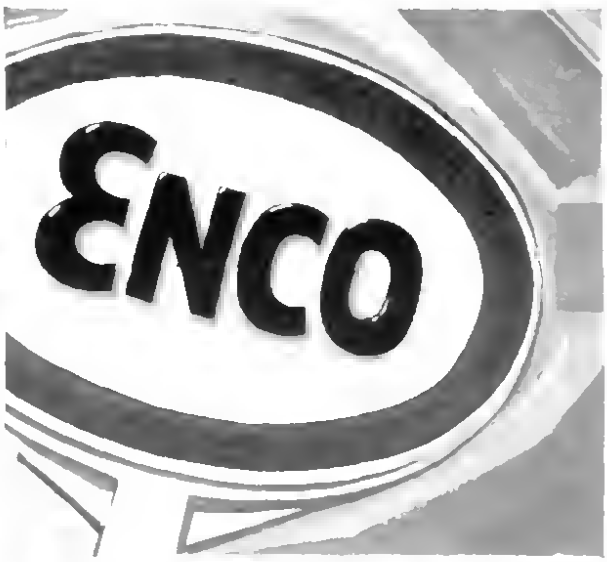
A



B



C



D

Can you name: (1) the winner of the 1966 World Grand Prix Driving Championship; (2) the winner of the 1966 American Grand Prix; (3) the fuels and lubricants used by more U.S. Auto Club Championship Race winners in the last three years than all others combined; (4) the gasoline that powered more World Championship Grand Prix victories in the last three years than all others combined?

HUMBLE
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Answers:
1. (B) Jack Brabham. 2. (C) Jimmy Clark 3. (D) Special fuels and lubricants supplied by Humble.
4. (A) The gasoline that "Puts a Tiger in Your Tank!"


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BOOKTALK

How to survive on skis and what you may slide into—from slopes to slopes

One characteristic that distinguishes a good book from a merely adequate one is the zest with which it has been put together, and when obvious enthusiasm is combined with authority and clarity of style you are bound to have a winner. Such a book is *America's Ski Book* (Scribner's, $10), compiled by the editors of *Ski* magazine from back issues of their own publication starting in 1936. That is the year arbitrarily given to the birth of modern skiing, for it was then that the "first chairlifts were flung up mountainsides and skiers began to adopt modern forms of parallel skiing using vastly improved equipment. . . ." The evolution from survival sport to popular sport was slow but never dull, as recounted here, and the book moves briskly from history to practical considerations for both beginner and expert. Information given is encyclopedic without being tedious (though we must yell track as we pass a caption identifying the Aiguille du Midi tramway at Grenoble. It is at Chamonix). That done, we commend the attention given to detail: *Should a beginner borrow, rent or buy equipment?* What kind of boots, bindings and poles? What should you look for in jumping skis? What kind of car should you buy if you have skiing trips specifically in mind? There is a waxing guide to snow conditions and even a numerical guide to waxes for those who indulge in that former "black magic" of skiing.

The advantages and disadvantages of touring abroad are discussed at length and what you can expect to find in Alpine Europe or Portillo, Chile ("the most sophisticated resort in the Southern Hemisphere"). An entire chapter is devoted to the problems of teaching children to ski. "Children of three and older believe in their hearts that they can fly."

Though the section on skiing abroad—Australia, New Zealand, Morocco, the Orient—is good reading even if you don't ski, the bulk of the book is devoted to skiing in the U.S., from the most easterly "spine of Vermont" to the High Sierras and other points in the Far West. An appendix includes a ski-area guide to North America and Europe (though it ignores some of the newest locations), a list of ski organizations, a chronology of ski developments, a list of books, journals and films on skiing and how to go about organizing a ski competition.

If the book minimizes anything it is the size of the cast you may wear at the end of the season. Preconditioning is highly recommended. If you do fracture something, here's one consolation. You can always curl up with a good book on skiing.

—JEANNETTE BAUCE



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SCORECARD

IT FIGURES

The selection of USC over UCLA as Purdue's opponent in the Rose Bowl didn't look any better after the Notre Dame-USC game. But UCLA wouldn't have been much of an improvement. What the AAWU should have done was pick the University of Santa Clara, which neither proselytes nor gives aid to football players. After all, Santa Clara beat San Francisco State. San Francisco State beat Cal Poly of San Luis Obispo. Cal Poly of San Luis Obispo beat Los Angeles State. Los Angeles State beat Long Beach State. Long Beach State beat University of the Pacific. University of the Pacific beat San Jose. San Jose beat California. California beat Washington. Washington beat UCLA. UCLA beat USC.

AGH

When Johnny Longden rode his last race at the age of 59 we were duly impressed; of course, at the time we hadn't heard of Khodagholi Agh, the champion jockey of Iran. Agh is 85.

Agh has been race-riding for 65 years and has earned $100,000. He wears a beard and false teeth, has never smoked and drinks nothing stronger than black tea. Agh has fallen off a horse six times in his life, the first time when he was 7. He once fell off in front of Reza the Great, the father of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, but was given a horse as consolation. "I have not tried the present monarch's generosity," says Agh. Agh has no use for automation and believes horses are the only reliable power for empires. Nonetheless, he owns two tractors, with which he has his cotton farm plowed. Agh has three wives and 70 children and grandchildren, and he says he would marry again if women nowadays weren't so insistent on going to the movies. When asked last week which he prefers, horses or women, Agh replied, "Women," adding, "I could probably ride the same horse for years, but I cannot put up with only one woman."

During a race at the October meeting at Tehran, Agh twice held his horse back in order to give a chance to Prince Ali, the son of the Shah's late brother, Prince Ali Reza. A devoted subject, Agh believes he should never precede royalty. Despite the fact that he pulled his mount on this occasion, Agh was again the leading rider, with 11 wins and $2,000. At the end of the meeting, Agh rode past the Shah, Empress Farah and Crown Prince Reza. "See you next year," Agh said, waving. We sincerely hope so.

PUBLIC DISSERVICE

ABC-TV was criticized for its coverage of last month's election returns, but compared to the job it did on college-football scores this season, the election night show deserves an Emmy. There are only two things to get right in reporting a football score: 1) who won and 2) the score. With dismaying frequency, ABC got one or the other—or both—wrong, although it often played safe by not announcing final scores, despite the fact that many of the games in question had been over for more than two hours. This goes for scores given during televised games as well as those reported on *College Football Today*, the postgame show in which Kyle Rote and Jim McKay were evidently in over their heads. We recall particularly Dartmouth's 14–13 victory over Harvard, Tennessee whipping Alabama 10–8, Wyoming's 25–8 win over BYU, Southern Mississippi beating Mississippi State 10–9 and Harvard leading Yale 10–7.

Arty closeups of Ara Parseghian, dual isolated cameras and interminable reminders that college football is a pleasant and colorful way to spend an autumn afternoon don't make up for the carelessness.

UNKINDEST CUT

The ways of TV are, indeed, wondrous to behold. On Thanksgiving night in New York, Channel 11 showed that grand old film, *Knute Rockne—All American*—or some of it. So what did they cut? Rockne's exhortation to win one for the Gipper, that's what they cut.

OFF AND RUNNING (CONT.)

What has 556 legs and is bushed? The mob of 278 zealots who completed a five-mile run sponsored by the country's newest college, the College of Artesia of Artesia, N. Mex. (SI, Oct. 24). Olympic Champion Billy Mills ran as guest of honor, matching his pace to that of Rich Hotze of Artesia's cross-country team, who won in 27:39. Students ran. Faculty wives ran. Doctors' and lawyers' wives from Artesia ran. Guests from Socorro and Carlsbad ran. Even the working press ran. One student covered the five miles skipping rope. Fourteen students ran pulling a float. Artesia's athletic director, Charles R. Solberg, ran and finished fifth. Artesia's president, Dr. Thomas C. Stevens, ran and finished 138th. Solberg plans to repeat the race next year. He says he won't be satisfied until everyone in New Mexico runs.

PLAYING THE GAME

What could be more placid than a British angler? If you answer 50 British anglers, you're wrong. When 130 scullers racing on the Thames rowed through



the lines of 50 fishermen engaged in a competition of their own, the anglers started throwing rocks.

Roger Croome's boat sustained a direct hit, creating "a hole the size of a teacup." Croome managed to row a mile farther before he sank. He got out and, shouldering his boat, ran with it along a towpath for almost another mile to the

continued



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the gentle mixer

finish line. He didn't win, but, as Grantland Rice observed, it's how you play the game. Croome's is one of the more interesting ways of playing rowing that has come to our attention.

SEEING RED

One day last month a Florida hunter was shot in the leg by a boy who said he mistook the man's red socks for a turkey comb. The following day a 12-year-old Florida boy was critically wounded by a hunter who said he mistook the boy's red cap for a turkey comb. For some years blaze orange, not red, has been prescribed as the best protective coloring for hunters. We can only be thankful that there is no season on Baltimore orioles.

HAIL THE CONKERING HERO

The Conker Championship of Great Britain was contested recently on the village green at Ashton Wold, Northamptonshire, and the new champion and possessor of the Great Britain Conker Cup and a silver pint tankard is Sid Walden, a retired naval officer.

Mr. Walden took up conkering only last year, but the game has a long and illustrious history. The present version dates back to the 16th century, when the horse chestnut was introduced into Britain from Asia. Before then the sport was played with shells, and the word conker is probably derived from conch.

Nowadays a conker is a horse chestnut attached to a string, and, in its simplest form, the game consists of its two players taking alternate downward swings with their conkers at each other's conkers until one conker is fatally smashed. Each autumn British schoolboys search for "the ultimate conker"; one conker is reputed to have survived 1,143 games—a record.

According to the etiquette of the game, overlooked only by cads, conkers should be played in their natural state, and not be steeped in vinegar, soaked in alum or smeared with butter and baked in an oven. One ardent conkerer, a teacher, once confessed on the BBC that he had resorted to these sharp practices, but excused himself on the grounds that he wasn't a public-school man.

Cheats or not, conker players stand together in preserving their sport from commercialization. Some time ago a manufacturer of a plastic conker had no success whatsoever. He served only to

create a sense of national outrage that boiled over into the correspondence columns of the London *Times*.

The initial blow of a game of conkers is claimed by the first player to quote one of the sport's traditional preliminaries. The most venerated, which, alas, is rarely heard in these indifferent times, goes:

"Obli, obli-o, my first go—
And when the nut is struck
Obli, obli-onker, my nut will conquer."

ODD MAN OUT

Almost unnoticed, Bill Chambers, the basketball coach at William and Mary for the past eight years, has resigned to go into business. Chambers is an original thinker, but his views weren't greatly noticed, either; Williamsburg, Va. hasn't been a major news-dissemination center since 1780.

Chambers' principal contention is that if basketball were played with four men on a side the game would be faster, the floor less congested, and the fans could better appreciate the moves.

"Today basketball is played by three and sometimes two men on any given offensive maneuver," Chambers says. "Never are all five involved. With zone defenses clogging up the court, with players so big, with court width restricted, why not reduce the team to four men? The fifth man almost never figures in a play toward the basket. Coaches plan plays with at least one man told to just clear out, get out of the way, take one man with him. If that's so, why have him on the floor at all?"

MISPLACED GRATUITY

A man wearing a blazer with a Dallas Cowboy emblem was walking up the steps of the Cotton Bowl just before the game with Cleveland last week, when a stranger stopped him and said:

"I see by your outfit that you are a Cowboy. I have traveled nigh onto 325 miles getting here, and I can't get a ticket. Is there any way in this sorry world you know of I can get into this game?"

Replied the man in the blazer: "I will let you use a spare box-seat stub of mine to get in the gate, seeing you have come so far."

"Thankee," said the stranger, and into the Cotton Bowl they went. Once inside the gate, the man in the blazer took back the stub and put it in his pock-

continued



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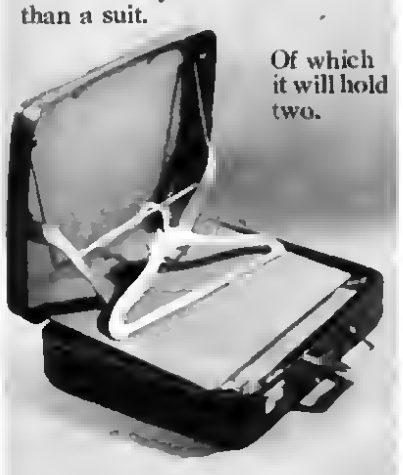
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You get an interior design that keeps your clothes as neat as the day they came off the haberdasher's hanger.

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Of which it will hold two.

Wheary Luggage Co., Lebanon, Tennessee

et, saying, "You are on your own now."

Only later, that night, as he emptied his pockets on the dresser top in his bedroom, did the man in the blazer discover that the stranger had wrapped a $10 bill around the stub.

Now somewhere nigh onto 325 miles from Dallas is a fan who tipped Clint Murchison, reputedly the wealthiest man in the U.S., 10 bucks.

FASTEST MOUTH IN THE WEST

Wayne Vandenburg, the new track coach at Texas Western College in El Paso, is a young man in a hurry. In fact, he has been known to shave his head just to cut down wind resistance.

When Vandenburg, 24, hit Texas Western last spring the track team was so depleted by scholastic ineligibility, injury and disinterest that it numbered six lost souls, and the outdoor season had been canceled before it was half over. On May 5 Vandenburg signed his contract. On May 6 he was off on a 55-day transcontinental recruiting tour during which he covered 16,000 miles and stepped on almost as many toes.

Complained one coach, a demon recruiter himself: "There was hardly a high school boy I talked to that hadn't already talked to Vandenburg."

The result of all this fast talking? The Texas Western track team now numbers 36: 10 junior-college transfers will be enrolling next term and five red shirts are running in place in the wings.

"We've got depth," says Vandenburg. "We're loaded in the sprints, the quarter mile and the relays. We're strong in all the jumps and the hurdles. We're more than adequate in the distances. This team is going to win the NCAA championship in 1968."

No way? They laughed last March when Texas Western took the floor in the NCAA basketball tournament.

THEY SAID IT

- Red Auerbach, Boston Celtics' general manager, asked if he had any criticism of Bill Russell's coaching: "He has the players too happy."
- The Rev. Edward G. Hildner, 93, sole survivor of the first basketball game—played 75 years ago this month—on the sport today: "There are too many whistles, too many interruptions because some silly little rule is broken. The same is true about baseball—all that baloney that makes the game too long." **END**

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"NEXT TRIP, TRY

HAWAII

FOR GOLF

It's perfection"

By **Hal Wood**, Sports Editor, **The Honolulu Advertiser**. Former Western Sports Editor for United Press International

For 20 years I've roamed the world looking for a golfer's paradise. I didn't find it until I settled in Hawaii — the paradise of the Pacific.

During the past two decades I've played golf in nearly every major city in the western half of the United States, plus many foreign countries. But it's an entirely new experience playing the grand old game in Hawaii.

The 50th state has the variety that all golfers look for—plus the world's finest golfing weather.

There are beautiful oeean courses, such as Waialae Country Club in Honolulu, scene of the Hawaiian Open; Mauna Kea on the island of Hawaii, or the Royal Kaanapali on Maui, where the 1964 Canada Cup matches were played.

There are lush inland courses with tropical mountain settings, such as Oahu Country Club. Or you might enjoy playing the Hawaii Country Club in central Oahu—where the sweet scent of the surrounding pineapple fields hangs in the air.

You can spend a never-to-be forgotten vacation here playing a different course every day. Or, if you wish, you can play two courses a day, with no a



different island. Frequent, inexpensive airline services connect the various islands.

On the jewel-like island of Kauai, known as the "Garden Isle," there is the Wailua golf course — rated by many of the greatest golfers as the best-kept, most beautifully manicured municipal links in the world.

On Oahu, only a few minutes from down-town Honolulu, are such great service lay-outs as the Navy-Marine course and the Kaneohe Klipper course — both with championship specifications and set in beautiful sea and mountain settings, with the usual swaying palms.

Golf in Hawaii is played at a relaxing pace under the most perfect of conditions. It is a year 'round sport with temperatures nearly always in the mid-seventies, accompanied by a soft breeze.

Every lie on the lush fairways of world courses is so perfect that the second shot is as easy as the tee-off. And the greens are as velvety-smooth as the rug on your living room floor.

If you are looking for a rugged challenge, you might try Laurance Rockefeller's new Mauna Kea course. This layout has been carved out of lava rock in the shadows of live volcanoes. It has one hole, the par-three third, which is 250-yards over a leg of the ocean, that already has won world-wide acclaim.

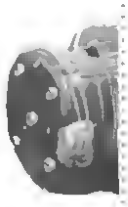
Or visit the Royal Kaanapali with its all-embracing Polynesian charm. Nine holes surrounded by sugar fields against a mountain back-drop; the next nine holes along the ocean.

Both Mauna Kea and the Royal Kaanapali can be stretched to more than 7,000 yards — rugged for the very best golfers.

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If you prefer easier courses, there are par-three layouts, nine-hole links and short 18-holers. In fact, just about everything one could want in the way of golf.

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I've got my golf bag packed! Please send me information on courses, green fees and other details of a Hawaii golfing vacation

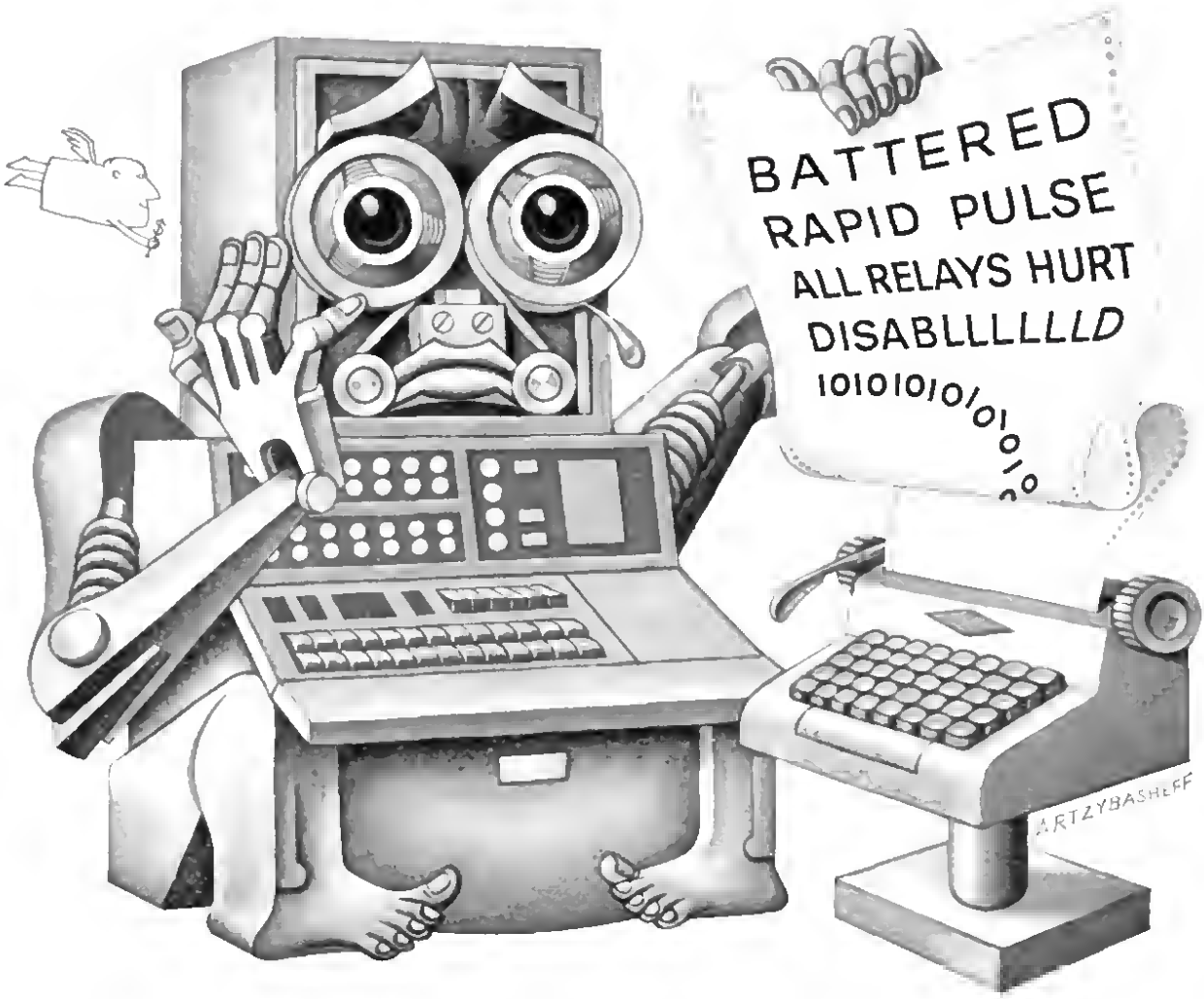
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Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 5, 1966

RED HOT COWBOYS ON A RAMPAGE

Attacking with élan, defending with zeal, Dallas made a strong move toward the NFL's Eastern title in subduing Cleveland's contenders **by TEX MAULE**

The biggest crowd in the history of Dallas' Cotton Bowl watched in post-Thanksgiving dinner euphoria last week when the Cowboys ground down Cleveland 26–14 to take the Browns all but out of the Eastern Conference race in the National Football League and establish a winning momentum for themselves. The 80,000-odd fans doubtless will be back on New Year's Day to watch the Cowboys have at the Green Bay Packers for the NFL championship and a chance to play in the supergame.

Of course, the Cowboys have not yet won the Eastern title, but only an atrocious reversal of the form they displayed against Cleveland could thwart them. "I think we will be the most consistent winners in pro football for the next few years," said Quarterback Don Meredith after the game. "Right now we're something like 18, 5 and 1 since the middle of last season. I don't think the Packers or the Browns have won that consistently." Meredith was right; the Packers, in their last 24 games (including exhibitions), are 16, 7 and 1, and the Browns are 16 and 8.

The new-found consistency of the Cowboys is the result of a lucky injury—to Mel Renfro—and of Meredith's reluctant conversion to the Tom Landry philosophy of foot-

continued



Carrying for good yardage the Cowboys' Dan Reavas runs against Browns with the powerful gait that returned Mel Renfro to defense



ball. Meredith likes to throw the bomb; Landry is content with shorter gains on percentage plays. Oh, there have been other contributing factors. The club is mature, and both units are set at last, and the extra rapid development of a trio of young players—Dan Reeves, Willie Townes and Jethro Pugh—has helped. But Meredith has been the moving factor and Reeves, who would have played little had Renfro not been injured early in the season, has given the mopey Dallas ground attack the élan it needed.

By the time Renfro recovered, Reeves had so firmly established himself in the offensive backfield that Landry could return Renfro to safety, where he is rated among the top three in the NFL.

The Cowboy victory over the Browns was a perfect demonstration of the multiple talents of the team. Under the noon-bright illumination of extra lights provided for the TV color cameras, Dallas seemed to be a younger, faster edition of the Packers.

It is not easy to puncture the sophisticated Cleveland defense. Against the Browns in Cleveland, on October 23, Meredith had been intercepted four times, trying to hit receivers in the seams in the Cleveland zone. He had been under heavy pressure from the Cleveland defensive line and from the Cleveland blitzes. Only late in the game, with the issue decided, did Meredith begin to hit; the 30–21 score did not truly measure the superiority of the Browns in that game.

The Brown offense moved the ball well; Ryan, given ample time to throw, had no difficulty finding free receivers. Cleveland double-teamed Bob Lilly, Dallas' fine tackle, taking away much of the Cowboys' pass rush and placing an impossible burden on the deep defenders. Ryan was never caught for a loss attempting to pass.

"Dallas makes it awful hard for you to get many things done," Ryan said charitably before the teams' return match. "This is the best defense in the league. You have to choose the right weapon at the right time."

This time Ryan faced a significantly different defense. Ernie Stautner, the old Pittsburgh tackle who now coaches the Dallas defensive line, had swapped the positions of Pugh and Townes, a pair of large, quick linemen. Pugh originally had been a defensive end and Townes a defensive tackle. Neither of them had been impressive enough to budge Jim Colvin or Larry Stephens out of the defensive line. Both Colvin and Stephens were good football players, but neither was adept at penetrating deep enough to frighten a quarterback. Stautner moved Townes out to end, brought Pugh in to defensive tackle, and, presto! the Cowboys suddenly had a pass rush from the left side.

Landry wanted more—some relief for Lilly, who was so good that he was getting the attention of two blockers. Against Pittsburgh the week before, Landry tried a center blitz. Corner Linebacker Lee Roy Jordan, assisted by another linebacker looping into the middle, fired in on Pittsburgh's rookie quarterback time and again. With two linebackers slamming into the center, the Steelers could not spare a blocker to double-team Lilly. The result: Dallas trapped the Steeler quarterback 12 times attempting to pass, nearly trapped him twice more, and when the Steelers tried to use a halfback option pass Lilly dragged Dick Hoak down from behind.

At Dallas, Ryan was aware of all the risks. "They may try to blitz more this time," he said. "We're equipped to handle any blitz. It's a guessing game."

The Cowboys showed Ryan the center blitz a couple of times to make him wary, but they depended on the fast charge of the front four most of the evening, and that was enough. Lilly, Pugh and Townes dropped Ryan five times behind the line of scrimmage. In the second half he was so thoroughly bedeviled that he completed only three of 12 passes.

In this game, Ryan guessed wrong. But the guessing was not that important. The Cowboys are becoming a team against which guessing is not enough—and they should stay that way for the next few years. Their young, ebullient front four wore down the Cleveland offensive line. In the previous game, the Browns came off a bye, and the Cowboys came off a disappointing tie with St. Louis. This time the two teams had only three days rest, and the Brown offensive line, considerably older than the Dallas defensive players, got tired. It will not be getting any younger.

While it was still reasonably fresh, the Brown offensive line broke Leroy Kelly loose once for 38 yards and occasionally opened cracks for him in the middle of the Dallas line, but by the waning moments of the third period he had been effectively shut off. Sadly, elderly Lou Groza, with a stiff back and feeling his age, had what must have been among the worst days in his long and productive career as a field-goal kicker. He made two attempts in the first half from short range (28 and 31 yards). One was kicked flat and the other ducked sharply to the left like a hooked drive. On his only other chance, Dallas' speedy Mike Gaechter raced in untouched to block the ball.

Meredith's reluctant espousal of the Landry philosophy of percentages paid off handsomely. The Brown zone defense presented an almost insurmountable obstacle to the long pass. It took away the big boom of the Dallas attack—the long throw to Bob Hayes, the Olympic sprint champion. One Brown defender covered Hayes short and the safety man on that side prudently backpedaled into the deep zone so that he would be in position to knock down or intercept a long pass. This forced the Browns into man-to-man coverage on the other side of the line, and Meredith took advantage of the situation to sting them on a third-down pass to Frank Clarke when the Cowboys very much needed a first down.

The Brown linebackers are key players; they must help out in the short zone area, dropping off the line to blanket the field just over the line of scrimmage. To discourage them, Landry put a draw play to Fullback Don Perkins on the ready list. By the second half the Brown linebackers were aware of the threat of Perkins' run and were loth to drop back quickly. Consequently, they left a wide crack in the Cleveland zone in the area between the linebackers and the defensive backs, and Meredith exploited this with a series of short passes into the open area.

As the game went along, it became apparent that the Cowboys would not be able to free Hayes on one of the long, long passes that have become his trademark. But it was evident, too, that if the Browns insisted upon distorting their defense to prevent that long, long pass, they must perforce weaken their defense against medium- and short-range passes and against the runs of Perkins and Reeves. Late in the game, when they began to tighten up a bit and risked single coverage on Hayes, Meredith reminded the Browns of the fallacy in that defen-

sive philosophy. He called a long pass to Hayes, and the sprinter flew by Mike Howell into the open. The ball was well thrown and would have been a touchdown had not Howell, knowing that he had been beaten, waved his hands in Hayes's face, drawing an interference penalty but saving a touchdown. The penalty put the ball on the Cleveland 19, and the Cowboys eventually settled for three points when Danny Villanueva kicked the third of his four field goals. That Dallas had to kick was a measure of the Browns' defensive strength.

The first of the Cowboys' two touchdowns came when Meredith, on third and six from the Cleveland six, threw a flat pass to Reeves, who broke two tackles to score. Reeves is not a big man—he is 6 feet 1 and 201 pounds—or a very fast man, but he has extraordinary balance and he can make the halfback option go; he was a quarterback at South Carolina two years ago and once passed for 240 yards against Nebraska.

The second Cowboy touchdown was scored by Don Perkins from the Cleveland nine-yard line. The play was sent in from the sideline, and Meredith—who once boggled at some of Landry's calls but now accepts them unquestioningly—handed off to Perkins on the right side of the Cowboy line. The blocking ahead of Perkins was impeccable. He feinted Erich Barnes out of his low-top shoes and walked in for a touchdown to make the final score. The exultant Cowboys had wrapped up the biggest victory in their short history.

One of the signs hanging over the wall in the garishly decorated Cotton Bowl read "Modern Mathematics for Dr. Ryan: 17+22+11=7." For those unfamiliar with the numbers of the Cowboy players, that may be translated to read, "Meredith to Hayes plus Villanueva equals a touchdown."

Unfortunately for the rest of the Eastern Conference, the formula is a much longer one. You would have to include all the numbers on both the offensive and defensive units to find the formula that produces victory for the Cowboys.

The ingredients are of most immediate interest to one team—the St. Louis Cardinals. The Cardinals are now tied with the Cowboys for first place in the division with an 8-2-1 record (the tie, of course, was with Dallas). With Charley Johnson, their regular quarterback, out for the season with an injury and only Terry Nofsinger to make their bid for the Eastern title, the Cardinals are in serious trouble.

This they demonstrated Sunday in their 6-3 victory over the Pittsburgh Steelers, winning by the desperate margin of a Jim Bakken field goal. They had had two weeks off to prepare for the game, after taking a 30-9 beating from the Steelers. The Cardinals improved by 24 points in two weeks, but they seem far from a match for Dallas in their Cotton Bowl showdown Sunday.

Nofsinger is a tall, shaggy-haired blond who has been on the fringe of pro football for six years. He is the type of quarterback who is carried as third man if a team is so well fortified it does not need insurance at, say, offensive guard. He is vulnerable to pressure, as are most quarterbacks of this ilk—and as he showed in both games with the Steelers. They harried him unmercifully in the first game and seeped through to drop him for key losses Sunday, including two fumbles. He completed only four of 16 passes for a meaningless net 29 yards.

"I don't know about Dallas next week," he said afterward, wearing the puzzled expression that has become habitual since he took over from Johnson. "I just don't know."

The Cardinals gained 199 yards on the ground to set up their two field goals, but it is extremely doubtful that they will be able to run that well against Dallas. Pass against Dallas? No.

Under the best of conditions, Nofsinger has not shown exceptional ability as a passer, and in St. Louis a fierce wind nullified the small talent he has. Even with a muddy, slippery field that prevented the Steeler line from mounting the biggest kind of pass rush and left the Steeler backs unable to cut with the Cardinal receivers, Nofsinger was almost totally ineffective. He should be even more bedeviled by Dallas.

The Cardinal defense is still sound. It held the Steelers to a total of 32 yards rushing and 48 passing, but it must be pointed out that Pittsburgh is also operating with a novice quarterback and with no runners or receivers to match those possessed by Dallas.

It would take a sound and inspired St. Louis team to beat Dallas if Johnson were playing quarterback at his best. With Terry Nofsinger, whose main claim to distinction may be a fan club in Greenland (which wrote him a letter of encouragement before the Pittsburgh game), the Cardinal chances appear remote. It looks like a cold, cold winter in Greenland and St. Louis. **END**



Blitz by Pittsburgh's Clendon Thomas (28) aggravates plight of Cardinals' Terry Nofsinger.

CHASING GIRLS THROUGH A PARK

That was the sport in St. Louis last week, where 107 female distance runners pursued each other for a mile and a half in an effort to win the women's cross-country championship and a little recognition **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

It takes getting used to, seeing young women run long distances, gasping and gagging and staggering around and going down on all fours at the finish line, pink foreheads in the mud. But they are young women, all right, make no mistake. The shaved legs, the singlets that actually do a service, all that symmetry, that fragrant hair. You might just as well get used to the sight, because women are getting to like the idea. More of them are talking about it, doing it and appreciating the torture of it. And if, as Ambrose Bierce said before he went off to Mexico to get lost, a garter is "an elastic band intended to keep a woman from coming out of her stockings and desolating the countryside," then, lads, the garters are off.

They were off in St. Louis last Saturday, a hundred of them off what you might call the avant-garde of American female long-distance runners. The girls were there on a spongy, gray, leaky-nose kind of day to run a mile and a half around the lake and the planetarium at Forest Park in an event—the National AAU Women's Cross-country Championship—that everybody was not talking about and all the papers were not full of.

You see, the term "American female long-distance runner" may sound familiar, but it is a relatively new invention. For years the AAU acted as if it would rather see its girls become lumberjacks than long-distance runners, and never mind how far or how long the swimmers swam. So this was only the third national cross-country championship, and there was hardly anybody around but chicks. Even with coaches and mamas and daddies and husbands, there were more contestants (107, plus 52 child runners under 13 who ran a mile over the same course to prove a point) then there were spectators. But no matter. The young women went right ahead doing all those marvelous, important-looking things that runners do. Blowing out their cheeks to get their breathing lined up. Rotating their necks to get dekinked. Hopping up and down to get the corpuscles going. Shaking one leg and then the other to get the change out of the cuffs. Getting to know the language: "How you feeling?" "Terrible." "Good, that's how you're supposed to feel the day of the race." And, of course, sitting around the motel coffee shop bragging times and discussing times, that singular, most wearisome aspect of the track athlete's makeup. If it were not for minutes and seconds track athletes would be pretty good conversationalists.

They are an interesting group, this growing new force. Girls with names like Phyllis Fast—how you going to keep her down at the malt shop with potential for such headline alliteration as PHYLLIS FAST FINISHES FIRST?—and pretty little things like Marie Mulder (SI, May 10, 1965). Marie is 16-going-on-17 now. She has let her black hair grow long to please the latest target of her big brown eyes. "He's a pole-vaulter," she says, "and I'm not going to tell you who he is until he breaks 18 feet." She has thinned out a little and is running very well. She is definite 800-meter potential for Mexico City in 1968, and plans to run the summer away with friends at her family's cabin 7,000 feet up in the Sierra Nevada. Her goal is the Olympics. But in the meantime her coach, Brooks Johnson, a practical man, says it is good that she is trimmer, too, because she is going to be a woman much longer than she is going to be a runner.

There are other pretty little dedicated things, like Cheryl Pedlow. Cheryl is from Indianapolis, is 18, honey-blonde, blue-eyed and has never yet been mistaken for a boy. She says she once was told that a track coach did not want her to run on the same track with the boys anymore because she was a distraction. "Some distraction," she sniffed. "A hulky old sweat suit." Her passion for running has not done wonders for her social life. "The boys would say, 'Oh, yes, that's Cheri. She runs.'" Cheryl's coach, Larry Bridges, has not forgiven the Russians for sending Tamara and Irina Press over here and frightening American mothers with all those muscles.

The 107 girls in the cross-country championship had come to St. Louis primarily on pinched pennies. Most of them had some kind of team affiliation. In Friday, out Saturday, no money to spare. If they were lucky they were with a team like Will's Spikettes of Sacramento, because Will Stephens, a big ex-marine who coached Marie Mulder before her family moved to Washington, D.C., has a budget. But they came anyway, from Los Angeles, Brooklyn, Phoenix, Chicago, Frederick, Md. Some of them had their husbands, and Sara Mae Berman of Cambridge, Mass., who is "30 and a half," brought her three children, too.

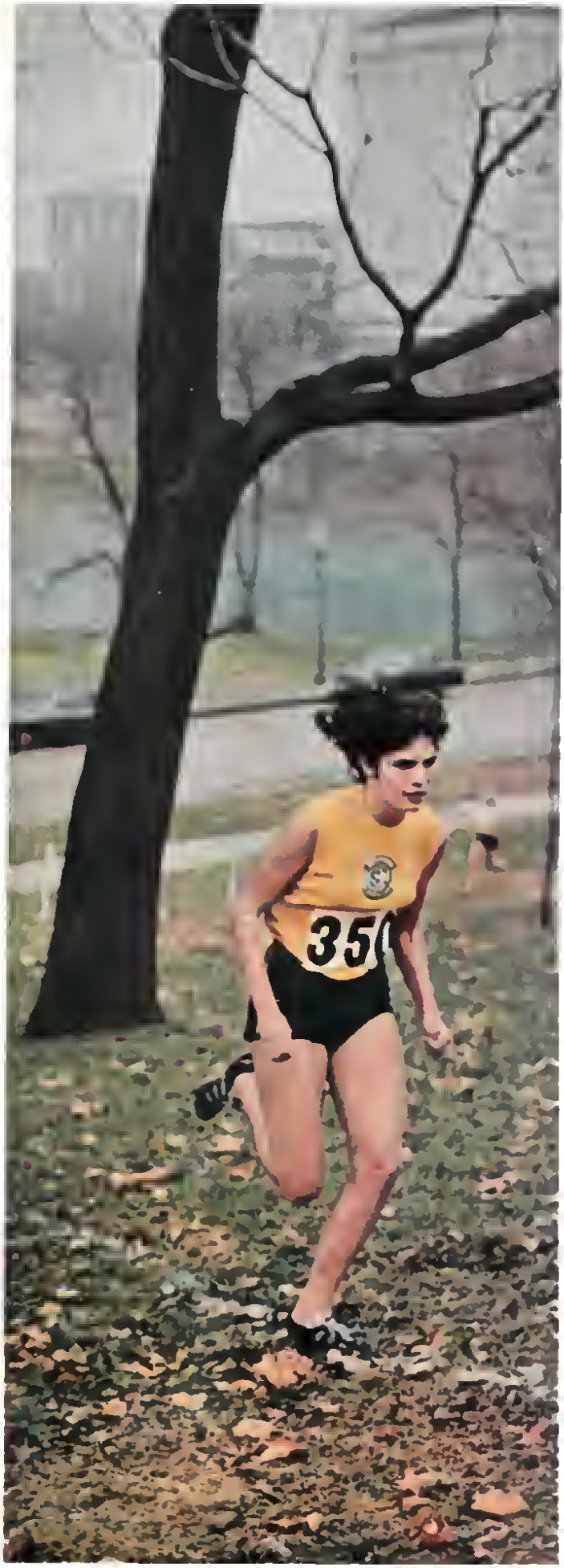
You cannot appreciate the passion that distance running begets in the American female breast until you have sat at a table with Mrs. Berman and her husband, Larry, an engineer, and

continued

Churning around an early turn, the bunched field is still able to stride formfully along through the muddy going on the Forest Park course in St. Louis.




315


350

listened to them talk track until little Jonathan Berman, age 3, simply gives out and puts his head on the table and goes to sleep.

The Bermans, Sara and Larry, run every morning before breakfast and every evening before supper, and she never —well, hardly ever—resorts to frozen meals. They scour the country for places to run, for meets to see, for people to talk times with. Right now they are on their way to Hawaii for the AAU convention How can they afford it? Well, they do not smoke, drink or go to movies. They keep a car six or seven years. Running and cross-country skiing make up their recreation, entertainment and sustaining love They've even got Sara's mother on a training program. But Sara actually does not run very fast. Does she aspire to be an Olympian?" "Oh, no."

Then why run? "To improve." Sara Berman, who did not start to run until she was 25, believes that the AAU does one thing for women that it does not do for men. "It restricts women." She thinks women should be allowed to run whatever distances they are able, when they are able. "These people are always talking about the woman's constitution being different," she says, "being physiologically unsuited for distance running. I ran a race once when I was three and a half months pregnant."

Robert Hyten, an architect, track coach and sometime runner who put on the St. Louis race and considers himself "one of the young lions of the women's track-and-field lobby within the AAU, thinks that "they" are finally losing the battle to keep American women from sweating. "We're on the move," says Hyten. Who are "they?" "No one person, no name you can pin down," he says. "Just those people who have been inhibiting women's track for so long. They're old fogies. They believe that because a woman has weaker knees and weaker ankles she really should not run any distance over a quarter mile. But there has never been a thesis written, at least not to my knowledge, that concluded that women should not compete in athletics."

Sara Berman finished 33rd in Saturday's National AAU Women's Cross-country Championship race. She came muddied across the line, like most of the others, groping for the back of the runner in front of her, clinging, gasping. Larry Berman said she did fine for the first mile, but the last half mile got her and she would have to do more work. Sara is, of course, no contender, and does not claim to be She is more like inspiration for some of the young ones, the American female distance runners of the future.

The girl for right now is Doris Brown, a 24-year-old phys-ed teacher from Seattle. She met her husband, Don, at a meet in which they were both competing, and she has been running with him ever since. She holds the world indoor-mile record (4:52), but in the present condition of women's distance running that is like setting a record for peaches canned or trading stamps licked. She runs five miles a day around a lake near Seattle; she says she loves the hills, the trees, the grass. "I don't like meets much," she says, "but I enjoy training." She has broken an arch, trained right through a case of mononucleosis, smashed a finger running in the dark and won a race while one arm was in a sling because of an injured shoulder. She endures, and she is handsomely feminine. "The femininity issue always comes up," she says, "and I tell people I do not know any girl running who is not feminine.

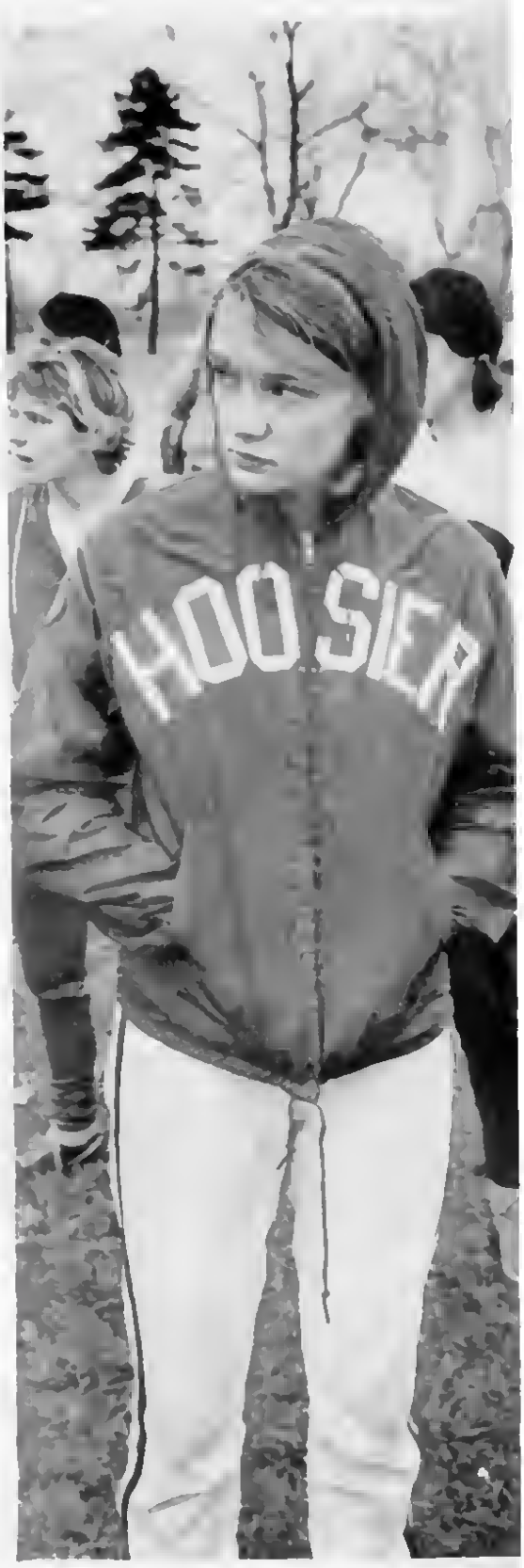
"Running," she argues, "is a matter of habit. Most people, even housewives, would have time to do it if they took the time and made it a habit Most people spend their time doing—well . . ."

Nothing?

"Yes, but I didn't want to say it."

Doris Brown got out in front with Marie Mulder at the start of the race Saturday, and they finished that way, one-two, in the rain, with Doris 200 yards ahead Her time was 7 minutes 51.2 seconds—see how those minutes and seconds creep in—and Hyten said he could not remember any woman ever running a cross-country race under eight minutes before. Everybody cluck-clucked and said how wonderful it was. Cheryl Pedlow finished fourth behind Natalie Rocha, 19, of Will's Spikettes. Sandra Knott, 29, the defending champion and once the only light on the American women's distance-running front, came in 10th, and announced her retirement.

Oh yes. Phyllis Fast finished 58th. **END**



The one-two finishers, Doris Brown (far left) and Marie Mulder, dominated field; in fourth place was 18-year-old Cheryl Pedlow (right), who was once banned from track for "distracting boys."

A DELAYED PAYDAY FOR CLEVE

Two weeks after the Muhammad Ali bout, Big Cat Williams hadn't gotten a cent. But he finally collected something after Oilman Bud Adams stepped into the confused picture

by EDWIN SHRAKE and MORTON SHARNIK

Cleveland Williams, who used to be a fighter, finally got paid this week for the beating he took from Muhammad Ali in the Houston Astrodome on Nov. 14. After taxes and debts have been deducted, Williams' share of the live gate—$7,471—was to be placed in his swollen left hand on Tuesday. That may not sound like such a grand sum for a man to earn in a championship fight, but Williams is happy with it. A week ago all he had was $16.73 and a gasoline credit card that his manager, Hugh Benbow, had warned him not to use.

Boxing is a sport that is noted for abusing and breaking its heroes. For a while the Williams case seemed to be turning into another depressing example. After the fight, Williams was confused and depressed. He had been told shortly before he went into the ring that his benefactor and former co-manager, Houston millionaire Bud Adams, had filed a legal action to hold up Williams' share of the live gate. Williams was under the misapprehension that Adams was trying to take away his money, and that baffled him. Then Williams put on a curiously feeble performance, fighting as if his elbows were pinned to his sides. After he had been knocked down four times and the fight had been stopped in the third round, the first voice he became aware of was that of Benbow.

"I could hear him yelling, 'Why don't you fight, you yellow bastard?' " says Williams. "Oh my, he cursed me and called me terrible names. Later we couldn't find Bimbo anywhere. If I had won, you would have seen Bimbo everyplace. But since I lost, he wouldn't come to the press conference. He said he was embarrassed. I asked him for money, and he gave me $40 and a gasoline credit card. The next day he said if I used that credit card I'd be in trouble."

"What Cleve should have done," says his wife Irene, "is right after they stopped the fight he should have walked over and punched Bimbo on the nose. That way, at least the people who saw it would have got their money's worth. They'd have had something to remember."

Although it has been reported that Adams' garnishment papers were served on Williams at the weigh-in, and that supposedly accounted for the distracted and sluggish behavior of Williams in the ring, the fighter says he did not see any papers. It was Benbow, he says, who told him of the action.

"I couldn't understand what he was talking about," says Williams. "Then we got up to go to the ring and Bimbo tells me to slow down, not to get into no hurry. My style is to dance and jump around all the way into the ring and to jump around until the fight starts, to get myself going. Bimbo made me walk real slow and then just stand there. I asked why and he said he didn't want me to get tired. Just before the fight started, a friend of mine hollered up from ring-



Houston Oiler Owner Adams began legal maneuvers that rerouted the live-gate receipts.

side and asked me why I wasn't sweating. I hadn't even warmed up."

"That is the first time I ever saw Cleve go into a ring like he was a zombie," Irene says. "He acted like he was walking behind a coffin. He didn't look like Cleve Williams to me."

If legal and financial problems were on Williams' mind, he was bothered by an injured left hand, too. The fight, in fact, came close to not happening.

"I was working down there at Bimbo's ranch [in Yoakum, Texas]," says Williams. "I had sprained my left thumb, and the first knuckle on my left hand was so swollen and sore that I could barely stand to hit the bag. But Bimbo made me work six or eight hard rounds every day. He was getting 50¢ a head from people who came to see me. Bimbo would stand at the side of the ring and make speeches, telling everybody I was a Cherokee. I had to laugh at that, but I was hurting. One time he turned to Irene and asked what tribe she was from. Irene said she was 100% Negro. Bimbo says, 'Well, I don't know what tribe she's from, folks, but she's some kind of Indian herself.' He gets a lot of that from all those western novels he reads.

"Anyhow, my hand was bothering me real bad and Bimbo wouldn't let me leave the ranch until it began to swell up. Two weeks before the fight we all went to the doctor [James R. Whitehurst, who used to work for Adams' football team, the Houston Oilers], and he drained the fluid off my knuckle and gave me a shot. He said if I'd waited two more days, I couldn't have used my left hand at all. It still hurt me during the fight."



Fast-talking Hugh Benbow got Williams' contract without ever having to invest a penny.

If he had been at his very fittest, Williams would scarcely have had a chance against the younger, faster champion. The idea of Williams being in a championship bout at all—fighting with one kidney and with a policeman's bullet still in his hipbone—is, on reflection, bizarre. But the Williams story has been a strange one since January 1963, when Benbow and Adams formed A&B Boxing Enterprises Inc. and bought Williams' contract from Lou Viscusi.

Benbow, a nonpareil talker, had convinced Adams that boxing should have a revival and that Cleveland Williams should be world champion. Adams paid for Williams' contract and gave Benbow half of it. He spent about $43,000 to remodel the upper half of a building in Houston as a gym and paid Benbow $1,000 per month and Williams' living expenses.

"From January 1963 through January 1966 I spent about $200,000 on this boxing project," says Adams. "I advanced Cleve $50,000 for living and medical expenses, a house, several cars that he wrecked, things like that."

Then in November 1964 Williams was shot in the stomach by a Texas policeman in a now-famous incident. Williams died three times on the operating table. A doctor phoned Adams, who moved Williams from a charity hospital to Methodist Hospital and sent for specialists, although Adams had been told Williams probably could never fight again and the investment was a loss. "Cleve wouldn't be alive today if it wasn't for Bud Adams," says Irene. "Every night I thank heaven for that man."

In the hospital Williams had lost some 50 pounds. "The doctors told me if Williams ever fought again, he could be killed. All it would take was damage to that one kidney," Adams says. "Benbow wanted Cleve to get back in shape, but I didn't want to participate in that because I didn't want Cleve to die. But Cleve wanted to fight, and I turned the deal over to Benbow. All I kept was one-third of the manager's share of any future championship purse. Cleve and Benbow had the rest."

Williams went to Benbow's ranch, where the fighter lived in a tent and worked as a field hand for his meals. Eventually, after Williams complained, he says Benbow began paying him $1 per hour. Other fighters were arriving in

continued

answer to a magazine advertisement, but Williams claims they did not stay.

"Soon as they found out they had to bale hay and dig postholes for $40 a week, they walked off," says Williams. "I escaped the ranch three times, but Uncle Lou [Viscusi] talked me into going back and working for my one big shot at the championship. Bimbo tried to break up me and Irene. He said he couldn't see why I preferred her to him. He said she was making trouble, always wanting to know where my money was."

"After we got a house in Yoakum, Bimbo used to come see us at 4 o'clock in the morning, anytime he pleased," Irene says. "You could hear his car coming for a mile, he drives so fast. He'd just walk right in and say, 'Irene, what you up to?' He'd tell us how he'd been shot six times and was really mean. He'd make Cleve go riding with him in the middle of the night. Once he came over while our new friends were giving us a welcoming party, and he yelled, 'Cleve, I want you to keep away from all these lousy no-goods.' I finally cured him of coming to see us. I went to his house at 5:30 one morning and yelled, 'Mr. Bimbo, what you up to?' He never came back again except at a decent hour."

Williams, meanwhile, was winning four fights and moving toward his championship match. The purses for those fights amounted to $24,000. "I didn't get much money," Williams claims, although he admits Benbow did give him "a little something" now and then. "The rest of the money, he said I owed it to him," says Williams. "He said he was going to take care of me, but all he ever did was run off at the mouth."

"I've got two good things to say about Bimbo," Irene says. "He outtalked Cassius Clay and he promoted a good gate. Other than that, he hurt Cleve more than Clay did, and Clay busted his lip."

Adams, who was still manager of record on the contract filed with the Texas Boxing Commission, reentered the scene when the championship fight was announced. An Adams executive, John Collins, went to Benbow's lawyer to check the original contract. "But what interested me," said Collins, "was that besides the original there was a new agreement in there that I'd never seen before. Suddenly I got scared that Williams might not get what was supposed to come to him from this fight."

Collins discussed the situation with Adams, who filed to tie up the Williams-Benbow-Adams share of the live gate until the principals could agree on exactly where the money was going. They did that last week.

"My share of the live gate is only $2,316, and Benbow gets $4,632, plus $37,500 in expenses," says Adams. "It would have been pretty silly for me to cause this much trouble for that small a sum, except that I wanted to be certain in my own mind that Cleve was getting all he had coming."

Adams, however, had a dual purpose. He had $37,000 coming to him—$20,000 he says Williams owes for living expenses and $17,000 in medical bills. Williams, whose half of the live gate came to $44,449, will pay Adams $20,000 now and $6,500 owed to Benbow. Taxes will take $8,818, and the fight promoter $1,660. He will get more than his $7,471—and will pay Adams more—when the ancillary money is counted. With the money he got this week, Williams is making a down payment on a house. "He will never fight again," says Irene. "He may dig ditches, or maybe get a job sweeping out a building, but we are going to have a nice home and Cleve isn't going into that ring anymore."

Williams adds: "Mr. Adams and my wife are the cause we have what we have right now. I swear that on a stack of Bibles, Thank God Mr. Adams didn't turn me loose." **END**



Irene and Cleve Williams were a happy couple last week after learning of payday.

"I didn't know you were a Chivas drinker."

Ask him, and he'll tell you he's a Scotch drinker.

Put out that bottle, and right before your eyes, he turns into a Chivas drinker.

It's amazing how many people are Scotch people in their house and Chivas people in yours.

Fight the good fight.

One day you'll be at his house and it'll turn out he's become a consistent Chivas man, like you.

Take your bow. You deserve it.

Take his Chivas.

You deserve that, too.



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COLLEGE BASKETBALL 1967

The kids get taller, the courts seem smaller and the scores go higher. The game itself is faster and demands a hip audience. On the following 34 pages are keys to appreciation of the action to come—the first closeup portrait of Lew Alcindor, color photographs of UCLA's superb sophomores, scouting reports on the top teams in the major conferences and the latest approaches to the pertinent problem of how to stop the tall, tall men.

'LEWIE IS A MINORITY OF ONE'

BY FRANK DEFORD

Exactly 75 years ago this week Dr. James Naismith wrote 13 rules of a new game but, aside from rule No. 1 ("The ball may be thrown in any direction with one or both hands"), the game that celebrates its diamond anniversary this week and is one of the most popular in the world bears little resemblance to Dr. Naismith's invention. Changes occurred quickly. The first were those that recognized reasonable innovations by the participants and legalized them—the dribble, for example. More recently, the changes have had a common aim: restricting the effectiveness of tall players. The three-second rule was devised in 1936, the center jump after each basket was eliminated in 1937, goaltending was identified and outlawed in 1944 and the width of the free-throw lane was doubled to 12 feet in 1956. The pros have since extended the lane to 16 feet and refined other restrictive measures, but despite all of these emendations the good big man can still make his presence felt in basketball far more than the best of the smaller players. Unless tall men are barred from the game—and a number of inane suggestions along that line have been made—this is always going to be the case. Raise the basket, spin it, turn it upside down or inside out, the big man is always going to be closer to it, and he will have an advantage over other players in putting the ball into it and in knocking the ball away from it.

The one sure counter to a good big man is another one on the opposing team, and this year in college basketball there are so many giants around that such match-ups will occur more frequently than ever before. Among the big boys are Mel Daniels of New Mexico, certain to be the first draft choice of the NBA next spring; Westley Unseld of Louisville; Elvin Hayes of Houston; David Lattin of Texas Western, the defending champion; Mike Lewis of Duke; Keith Swagerty of Pacific; Dave Newmark of Columbia; and the young sophomore at UCLA whose stature in the sport, as well as his physical size, exceeds that of all the others, though he has yet to play his first varsity game, Ferdinand Lewis Alcindor Jr. (*see cover*). Already Alcindor is being compared to his most accomplished predecessors, Bill Russell and Wilt Chamberlain.

The line of the giants began with Bob (Foothills) Kurland of Oklahoma State (then Oklahoma A&M). Kurland, who was just a shade under 7 feet, led his team to national championships in 1945 and 1946, brought into the game and the vernacular the revolutionary "dunk shot," and was personally responsible for the writing of a goaltending law—just as Chamberlain's suiting up a decade later was impetus enough for widening the foul lanes. Before Kurland, it had been assumed that men his size must be uncoordinated and unhealthy, weak pituitary freaks. When Kurland first played in college, he was permitted to stay in games for only a few minutes at a stretch. But it turned out that in addition to being bigger than other players he had just as much stamina. Both literally and figuratively, Kurland and two contemporaries—6-foot-11½ Don Otten of Bowling Green and 6-foot-9 George Mikan of DePaul—added a new dimension to basketball. Mikan scored 53 points in 1945 at Madison Square Garden; in 1946, a year before Lew Alcindor was born, Kurland made 58 playing against St. Louis U. and a freshman center named Easy Ed Macauley. Two allied cries arose from coaches: a) "Raise the baskets," and, b) "Find me a big man."

They were found: Macauley, Alex Groza, Bill Spivey, Bevo Francis, Clyde Lovellette, Neil Johnston, Walter Dukes, Russell, Chamberlain, Walt Bellamy, Nate Thurmond. The big kids in high school stopped slouching and stood as tall as they could, and proud. Despite the fact that only 1% of American men are more than 6 feet 2½, enough big kids in short pants showed up to change the coaches' pleas to: a) "Raise the baskets," and, b) "Find me a *good* big man."

It is significant that when Alcindor takes the floor this Saturday in Los Angeles for his first varsity game, he will be jumping against another 7-footer—Ron Taylor of Southern California. Alcindor, who is 7 feet 1⅜, is, in fact, only slightly taller than 50 collegians who are in the neighborhood of 7 feet. (Brigham Young has three.) But great height alone is no longer the fearsome weapon it was in Kurland's day. The game's strategists have effectively spiked it. Lew Alcindor casts a long shadow from a good deal more than size.

Lew is smart, strong, remarkably agile and in full command of his vast physical gifts. Still, he is a victim of the peculiar social custom that permits strangers to call attention to and ridicule excessive height, while at the same time it is considered rude to refer to a man's lack of height, his thinness or his obesity. As a teen-ager who grew to 7 feet by the 10th grade, he learned to expect stares as soon as he left his neighborhood, Inwood, in northern Manhattan, in search of basketball games in other parts of the city. "I was about 13, I guess," he says, "the first time I really understood how much people were, uh, impressed with my height. They'd point at me. People are funny. They do strange things. They stop me on the street all the time. No, they don't know who I am—they just seem to think it's

acceptable to stop me because I'm tall." He chuckled a bit—not easily, but as if trying it for effect. "You've heard them all: 'Watch your head.' 'How's the weather up there?' 'You must have trouble sleeping.' All that. The one I hear most now"—here Alcindor looks up—"is 'Boy, and I thought *I* was tall.' "

Holy Cross Coach Jack Donohue, who was Alcindor's coach at Power Memorial Academy in New York City and was accused of hatching all kinds of Machiavellian plots because he would not expose Lew to reporters and recruiters, remembers a typical incident in the Port of New York Authority bus terminal. A little old lady felt it her right not only to make the usual idiotic comments about Alcindor's size but to probe him with an umbrella tip while she mocked him.

"I could see Lewie flush," Donohue recalls, "but, like always, he took it. I talked a lot with Lewie over those years. I tried to tell him that he had to believe in what he was, to find pride in himself, because in everything he was in a minority. He was 7 feet. That's a minority for sure. And a Negro. And a Catholic. And he went to a private school. A 7-foot Negro Catholic at a private school. That must be the smallest minority in the world. 'Lewie,' I said, 'let's face it. You're just a minority of one.' "

When he went to the opening game of the season as a high school freshman, Alcindor carried a junior varsity uniform as well as one for the varsity. Only at the last minute did Donohue decide to let him play on the varsity. "And that year he was not a great player," the coach says. "He was just a threat." But in the off season Alcindor played constantly, driving himself to excel. As a sophomore, he was All-America for the first time, and in his last three years Power lost only one game, to DeMatha of Hyattsville, Md. Alcindor habitually represses his emotions, but he was obviously dispirited after the loss. He blamed himself, and Donohue felt obliged to tell him that if he was going to insist upon sole responsibility for the defeat he would have to take full credit for three years' worth of victories.

Unlike many superstars, Alcindor is a fine team player. "I can score a lot of points—I know that," he says matter-of-factly and without vanity. He has had the advantage of playing on a high school team with many other good players and for a coach who was more interested in fostering team success and the enjoyment of participation than in promoting one individual's glory. The same appears to be true at UCLA, where Coach John Wooden plans to fit Alcindor to the team, rather than the other way around. The Bruins have so much talent that they would be a national contender even without Alcindor—except that that would mean Alcindor would be playing on another team, against them.

Lew's eyes move into hard focus, and he speaks firmly when he discusses his sport. "Yes, I do love basketball," he says. "It's given me so much, and it hasn't stopped giving. And it's a mutual thing, because I know that people get enjoyment out of watching me play. I guess I've always daydreamed about being a star. I guess I was just nutty about the game at a real young age. It's always taken up a lot of my time, but you have to work at something. You have to *have* something. If you have talent to begin with, and you combine it with hard work, you can make it pay off. But as much as basketball means to me, the most important thing is looking forward to getting a degree. That I plan for. Basketball is only a day-to-day thing. I can't waste time looking forward to beating some team three, four months from now. And I can't worry about security either. I think that if I was ever injured, if I could not play basketball for some reason, I could begin all over again to strive for something else—something literary or musical probably."

Alcindor has thought about journalism as a career. One summer he was sports editor of the newspaper put out by HARYOU-ACT, a Harlem youth organization. "He has a very fertile imagination," says Brother Hendrickson, his English teacher at Power. "When I assigned a composition, I could never predict what Lewie would hand in, but because he was so much of an individual I knew it would be interesting. I think the best one he ever wrote was simply his reflections on the reactions of the people he encountered on the subway."

A child of New York, of the bustle and the grime and the cruel crowds that drove him to self-conscious loneliness right in their staring midst, Lew nonetheless retains his affection for that city. The bright land and legend of California do not touch him. Almost without realizing this, he recently said of Los Angeles, "I wouldn't want to live here. It's just a nice place to visit." He laughed immediately, appreciating his switch of the cliché, but stuck to his opinion. He is amused when Californians accuse him of speaking like a New York gangster. "Maybe I do sound like Frank Nitti," he says—though he does not—"but they've got a nerve. Listen to them. They all talk like hicks. They really do. I was talking to a girl back home the other night, and she said I was starting to talk like them. That really scared me." (For some reason, nearly everybody *continued*

in Los Angeles—even Wooden—mispronounces Lew's name, accenting the first syllable: *Al*sindoor. As Lew says it, it is Als*in*der.) He plans to major in history, and says there is no reason why he should not stop cutting so many classes and raise his B-minus average a notch. At Power Memorial his average was 84, which earned him a New York State academic scholarship. "I don't know how many basketball scholarships were offered to him," Brother Hendrickson recalls. "How many? Hundreds? But I think the fact that he won the single academic one in a way thrilled him even more."

Music is Alcindor's other great love. He plunges easily into a modern-jazz discussion, expressing himself articulately and with feeling. He does not tackle subjects with a shotgun approach but seeks out those aspects that particularly interest him and explores them avidly. His goal in basketball, however, is no longer to learn a particular move or to achieve a specific number of successes but to comprehend its total strategy, to appreciate the execution of every player on the team. "That's the wonderful thing about playing with a great team," he says. "They'll teach me the whole game. That's the only way to learn basketball." At times like this, when he is engrossed in a subject, his massive hands seem to flow from his wrists as he gropes for expression, and a large jade ring that he wears on the little finger of his left hand colors the air with a green flash. It is not hard to imagine why his mother tried to harness those hands to a piano. Lew did not stay with that instrument, but recently he has begun to play the saxophone, and he is not satisfied with his progress.

The Alcindors are a musical family. Ferdinand Lewis Sr., who is a transit policeman, studied at the famed Juilliard School of Music in New York and has often played baritone horn or trombone with the Senior Musicians Symphony in Carnegie Hall. He and his wife, Cora Douglas Alcindor, used to sing together in the Hall Johnson Chorus. Mrs. Alcindor is from North Carolina. She is 5 feet 11, and Lew's father is 6 feet 3, but *his* father was 6 feet 8.

Lew's grandfather came to New York from Trinidad early in this century. Many of the family's relatives still live in Port of Spain, and others remain deep in the mountain jungles, to which they fled to escape from slavery. Grandfather and Grandmother Alcindor were equally fluent in Spanish, English and Yoruba dialect, a hybrid tongue that apparently originated in the runaway-slave enclaves. The Alcindor bloodlines are mixed. Family names as ethnically different as Prince and Gonzalez are found just two generations ago. "Alcindor" itself has a Moorish ring, but on a trip to Trinidad several years ago Lew's father uncovered material that convinced him the family had taken its name from a French planter named Alcindor who brought its forebears as slaves from the Gold Coast to Trinidad. So the Alcindors believe they can trace back to what is present-day Nigeria and, not surprisingly, Lew is extremely interested in African culture and history.

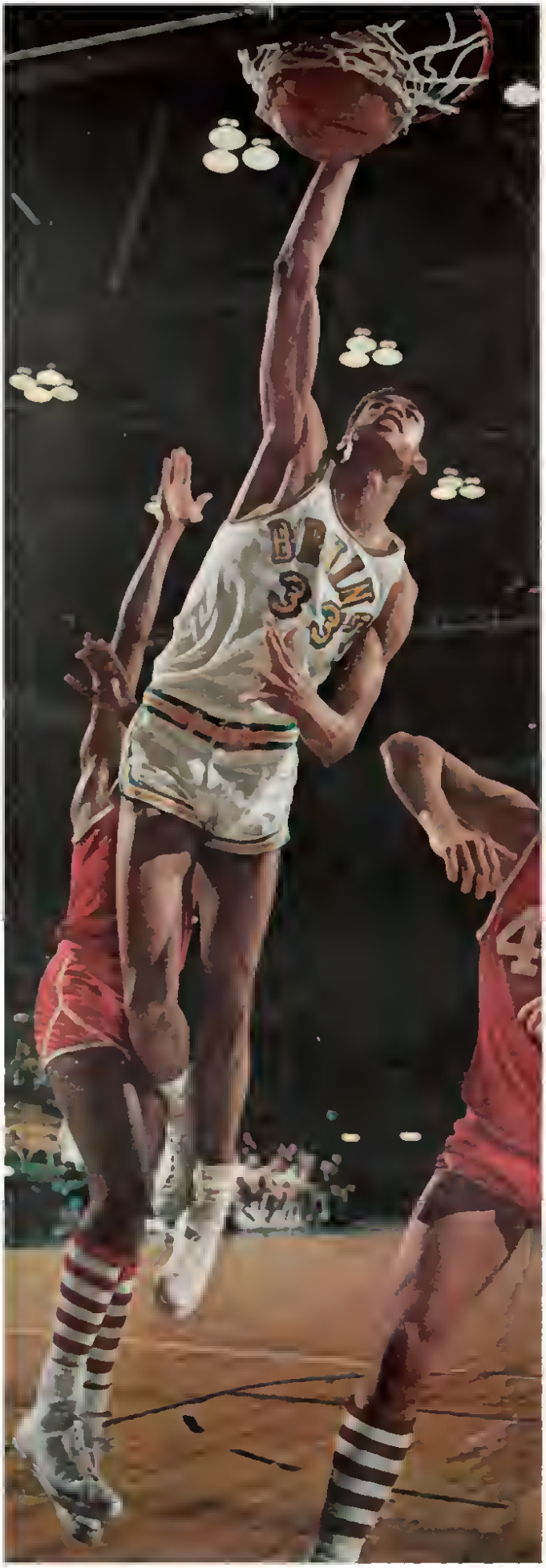
Lew was born on April 16, 1947, and he was big from the beginning, weighing 13 pounds and measuring 22½ inches. He grew up as the only child in the family—which may originally have inclined him toward being a loner. His high school coach's refusal to allow interviews pleased Lew, as did UCLA's similar policy last year, but he is hardly a sulky, moody type. He just likes to spend time with himself. "I simply enjoy privacy, nothing more," he says. "It doesn't matter whether it is for reading or listening to music or practicing. I like privacy."

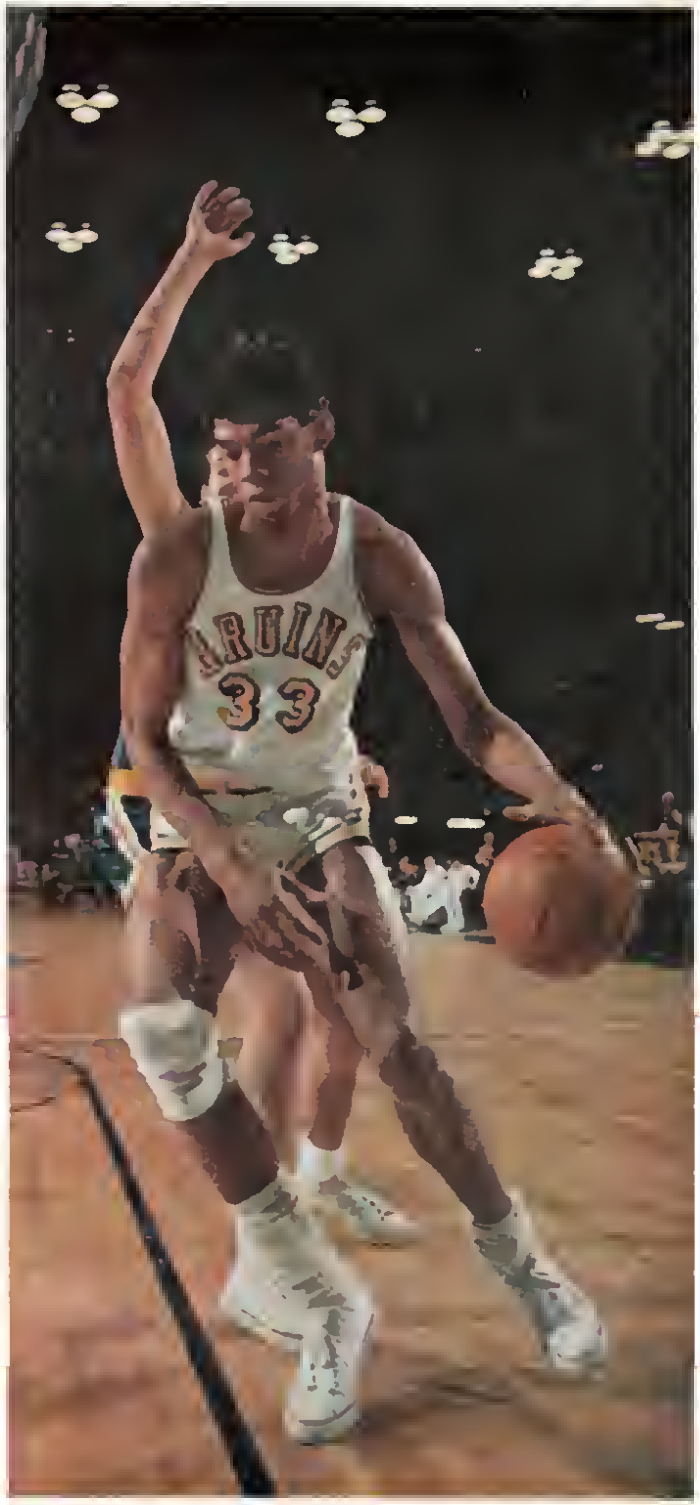
Lew was popular at Power, and the same is true at UCLA. Both Lucius Allen, an enthusiastic, outgoing type who lived with Alcindor last year, and Edgar Lacey, who has some of Alcindor's reserve and rooms with him this year, say that Alcindor is an easy and entertaining roommate. If Alcindor were a timid soul, it is doubtful he would have selected UCLA, a continent away from his home. But UCLA was what he wanted—a large urban school away from New York that was highly rated in both basketball and scholarship.

Lacey, who was recently declared out of action because of a bad knee, lives with Alcindor in a two-bedroom apartment near campus. Edgar drives a Triumph, Alcindor a 1958 Mercedes that he bought this fall. He has saved the bill of sale in case anyone suggests that the car is an illegal bonus for his attendance at UCLA. "That's ridiculous," he says. "I'm not a big-time guy. People can see that just by my clothes." He dresses neatly but not expensively, and one night last spring on a downtown Los Angeles street a car suddenly backed into him, ripping his pants and breaking the skin on his left thigh. But Alcindor was not hurt, so he just asked the careless driver to pay him for a new pair of pants. Later many people told him that he should have sued, but he shrugs at the idea. Even if a suit were valid he feels it would only have exaggerated a minor incident. There is still an ugly welt on his thigh, but it does not bother Alcindor and he has chosen to forget the whole thing. This is typical of his general attitude of avoiding a public fuss on any matter.

But he is well aware that this year's UCLA basketball team is going to make headlines all season, probably for the next three seasons. Two of his freshman teammates will start with him; a third will be the Bruins' sixth man. All four are shown on the following pages in action photographs that display their versatility. With junior Mike Warren and senior Mike Lynn, they make up the most feared college squad in a decade.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER

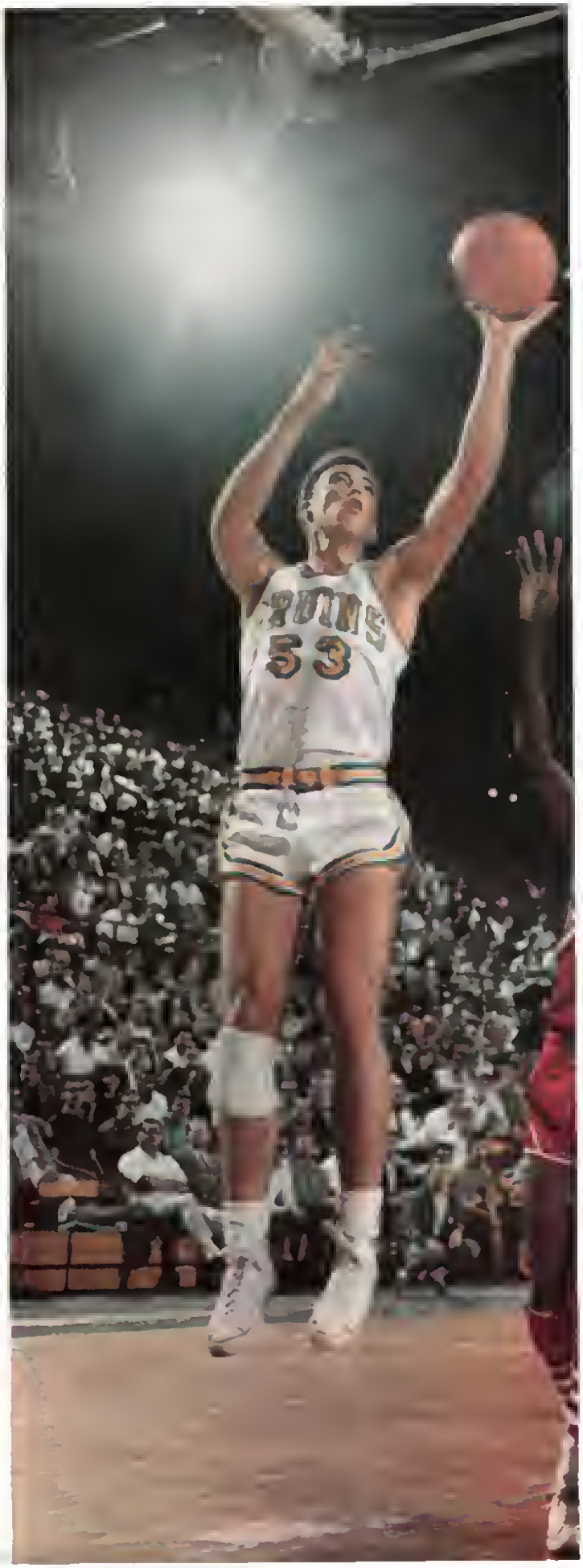




LEW ALCINDOR

Stuffing comes easy for a man his size. What distinguishes Lew is his speed and agility, though he is a shade over 7 feet 1 and weighs 230. His teams have lost just one game in four seasons.





LYNN SHACKELFORD

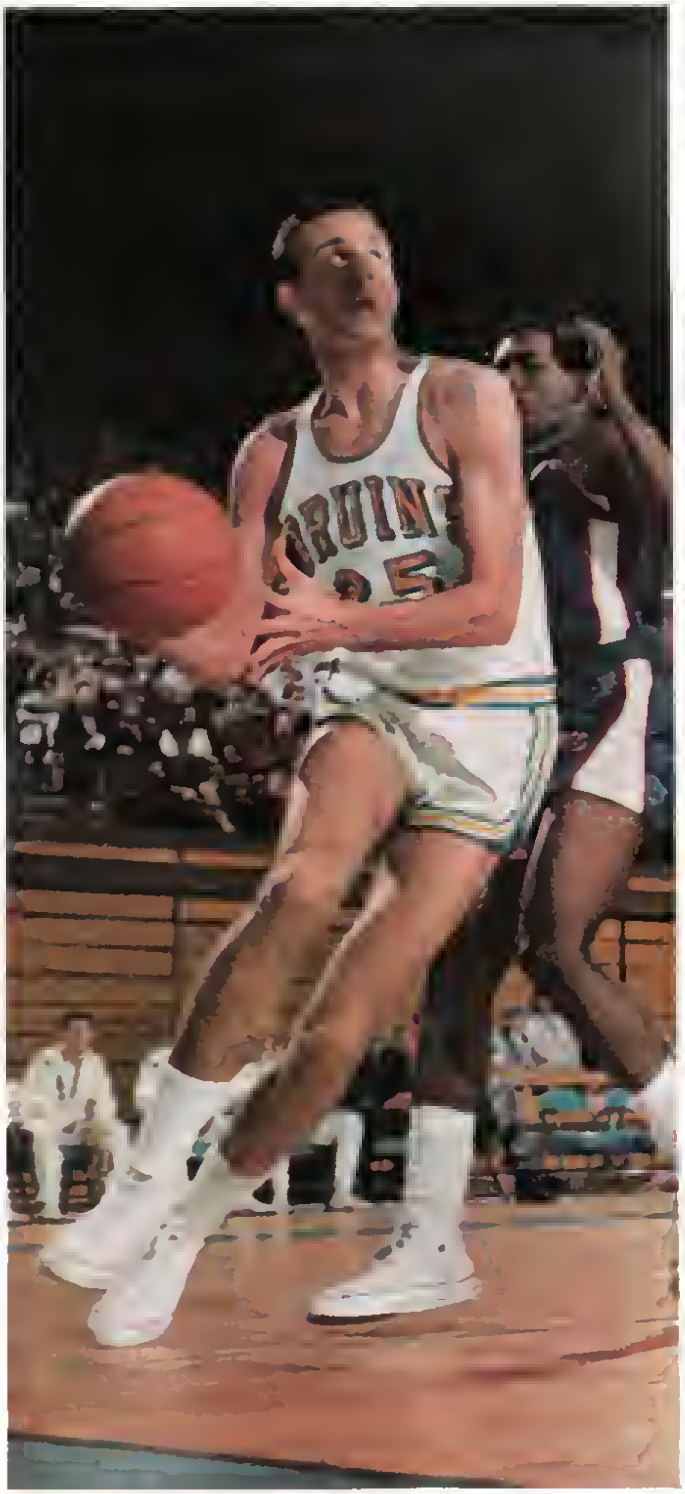
UCLA's best shooter since Gail Goodrich, another left-hander, Shackelford is a 6-foot-5 forward. He hit a brilliant 62% from the floor as a freshman and averaged 20.9, third best on the team.





LUCIUS ALLEN

Heralded as the finest player ever developed in the Kansas City area, Allen, a 6-foot-2 guard, often drew greater response from crowds than Alcindor in their freshman year. He averaged 22.4.





KENNY HEITZ

Though he played every position in high school, Heitz is now a permanent guard. He is 6 feet 3 and averaged 14.3 while concentrating on defense and drawing the opposition's top scorer.

AAWU

A lot of people have already conceded three perfect seasons and three national championships to UCLA. The assumptions are not illogical but neither one is a cinch. Somewhere, some dark night when the moon is full and the wolves are howling, when the stands are packed and the referees are grumpy, when the Bruins have had a bumpy trip and are plagued by head colds, neuritis and neuralgia, when certain stars are perfectly aligned through the monoliths of Stonehenge, UCLA will be beaten. But it will require all of those contingencies plus a good team in opposition.

Only the fact that senior Edgar Lacey is out for the season because of a hairline knee fracture allows a smidgen of doubt to arise about the Bruins' invincibility. Without Lacey, they will not be as deep in the corners, and that makes it possible for a team with an array of agile big men to wear down UCLA.

The Bruins, however, will never be just Lew Alcindor and Friends. In fact, Coach John Wooden is making only a few concessions to Lew's presence. Alcindor will play a low post on offense, and the cutting guards will steer clear of him so as not to crowd his territory. On normal defense he will pretty much play a one-man zone under the basket despite efforts to draw him out. Otherwise there will be little change from the familiar, successful UCLA game. If opponents try to let the air out of the ball, the Bruins will press with a half-court trap. And UCLA will use the zone press as it always has—after it scores and as a surprise at other times. Rival coaches can thank themselves in part for this treat. Wooden was not absolutely certain that he should press with this team until he noticed that in the middle of every conversation with another coach the fellow would suddenly blurt out: "Hey, you're *not* going to press with Alcindor, are you?" After a while it began to sound sort of like: "Hey, you're not going to try to trap Cornwallis at Yorktown, are you?" Wooden decided to zone-press.

Alcindor prepped for the assignment by playing a man-to-man press in high school and with the 21-0 Brubabes last year. Depending on where he is when the Bruins score, he will play either the safety-man position or at the extreme other end of the court, covering the man who is trying to throw the ball in bounds. Getting the ball past Alcindor's wingspread may quickly rank with getting a camel through the eye of a needle.

Lew's offensive moves should be just as awesome. "They talk about raising the baskets," says Forrest Twogood, the assistant athletic director at Southern Cal. "How would that help? What we ought to do is stick the basket in the floor, like in golf. That way, at least it should take him longer to lean over and stuff it in." At any rate, containing Alcindor is half the problem. All the Bruins are good

Mike Lynn, 6-7, is certainly the most underrated senior player in the country. He was the team's high scorer and top rebounder last year and is a fine shot from the high post. He gleefully anticipates being the prime beneficiary, at that spot, when opponents double up on big Lew. The other returning starter, handsome Mike Warren, is the best of a host of good guards. He is a steady playmaker who can also shoot and play defense. With him there are Don Saffer, Bill Sweek (who sat out last year) and two other hotshot sophomores—flashy Lucius Allen and Kenny Heitz, an honor student. Lacey's departure may require Heitz to swing between forward and guard while southpaw Lynn Shackelford, still a fourth sophomore, inherits Lacey's starting spot opposite Lynn.

Allen will almost certainly take over as the other starting guard. He must learn only how to blend his individual brilliance into the general team blitz without sacrificing any facet of either. Aside from 7-foot L.A., this 6-2 L.A. was considered by many to be the best high school player in the land two years ago when he was a senior at Wyandotte in Kansas City, Kans. He had his eyes—now often hidden behind blue shades—cast toward Westwood for a long time. At Wyandotte, they called him "LuCLA." Allen says, "Now I'm mostly 'Lucius.' We've got a Lew here." Altogether, they've got Mike, Mike Lynn, Lynn, Lu and LewCLA.

RECORD VS NONCONFERENCE TEAMS		
1964	WON 39	LOST 32
1965	WON 41	LOST 31
1966	WON 46	LOST 31



CONTINUED

WEST COAST AC

Partly to be funny and partly out of superstition, 6-7, 235-pound Keith Swagerty strutted around the University of the Pacific locker room before games last season wearing the standard basketball garb, augmented by Halloweenish black-and-orange, vertical-striped tiger socks. At the last moment he would replace them with plain old sweat socks and sneakers and rumble out onto the floor.

The silly routine just might have been the secret behind the Tigers' first West Coast Athletic Conference championship, but more likely it was a combination of Coach Dick Edwards' thinking and some splendid basketball players, not the least of whom was Socks Swagerty himself. Keith is back at center this year, along with three other starters from the happy 22–6 season and the cream from an 18–2 freshman powerhouse, making the little Stockton private school a strong favorite to repeat in the WCAC. Swagerty averaged 21.9 points last season and was third in the nation in rebounds with 18.3 a game, moving up from fifth the year before. He is a good shooter, surprisingly quick around the basket, and can hoist his bulk so high that, the coaching staff claims, he did not lose a single tip-off as a junior.

The school has a photograph of Swagerty outleaping Houston's 6-8 Elvin Hayes by more than two feet. Naturally, he was the hero of the controversial overtime win at San Jose State last season. With one second left on the clock in regulation time, Pacific was two points down and had the ball out of bounds under its own basket. A Pacific guard heaved the ball downcourt, Keith leaped and caught it near the top of the key and put in a jump shot at the buzzer. San Jose fans are still trying to figure out how all that transpired in one second and from what tree they should hang their timekeeper. It was typical of Swagerty to have been where the ball and the spotlight were.

Ex-Eagle Scout Bob Krulish, who roomed with Socks until the latter got married recently, has been somewhat ignored, except by the beleaguered WCAC coaches, who must figure out how to stop Pacific. Krulish is 6-6, a "good shooter from anywhere on the court," says Edwards, and is the team's best frontline defender. Swagerty and Krulish toured Asia last summer with a group of athletes sponsored by Venture for Victory. One memorable stop was at an institution in Formosa where the American collegians expected only to talk, not play. But they found the local team suited up and anxious for competition, so they obligingly kicked off their shoes, played in their street clothes and lost. This put them in the embarrassing position of being among the very few players ever to lose a pickup game to a leper colony.

Pacific's talent supply goes beyond the two travelers. Guard David Fox, a home-town boy, averaged 17.8 points in league play, Robby DeWitt and Bob Jones, both 6-5, are up from the frosh, and two good veteran guards, Bruce Parsons and Joe Ferguson, will battle to start in the backcourt with Fox. Edwards has so many lower-case tigers that he plans to red-shirt 6-9 Tom Jones.

Basketball fever is new to the Pacific campus, where the Calaveras River trickles along and a lot of pretty coeds stroll between Oxford-type "cluster colleges." Pacific was once a fine football school (Eddie Lebaron and Dick Bass went there), but it was about as big a basketball power as Bryn Mawr. When Dick Edwards arrived in 1963 the school gave only 13 scholarships. Now the number is up to 20. Last year Pacific sold 350 season tickets (home games are in Stockton Civic Auditorium). There will be no problem selling all 1,000 this season. Edwards revived the long-dead Pacific Casaba Club, a booster group that was so thrilled with the championship it sent the coach and his whole family to Hawaii for an all-expenses-paid vacation. He has a free membership to the country club and life is sweet.

Which means it is not so sweet over at USF, where former Don Star Phil Vukicevich is in his first year as head coach. The team's three best players were graduated and Phil must rebuild around Forward Dennis Black, a fine board man, and Guard Larry Blum. None of the other league teams should be able to handle Pacific either, unless the defending champs get fatheaded. If the Tigers do win the WCAC title, it would be wise for the students at Oxford-on-the-Calaveras to celebrate right away by ringing the carillon in Burns Tower and snake-dancing through downtown Stockton. For the next step is the Far West Regionals, where Lew Alcindor and UCLA should be waiting. Yet Pacific players are not overly nervous about meeting the Bruins. "They have to meet *us*," says Bob Krulish.



RECORD VS. NONCONFERENCE TEAMS		
1964	WON 30	LOST 44
1965	WON 29	LOST 42
1966	WON 35	LOST 42

WESTERN AC

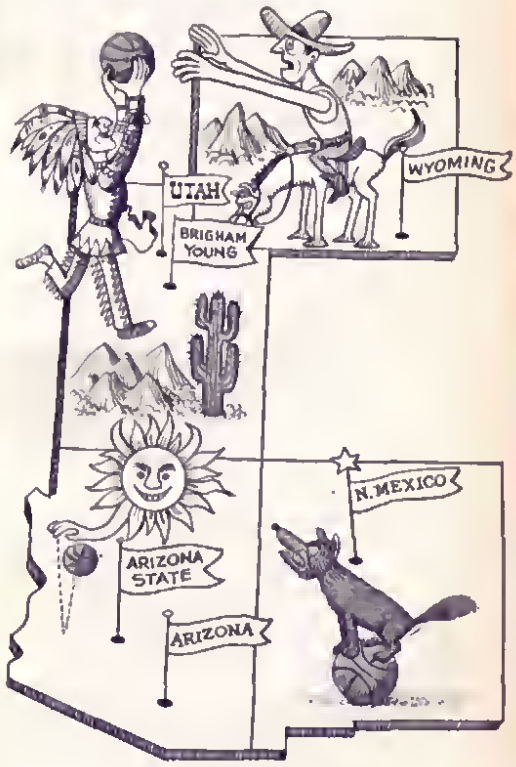
New Mexico's new $1.4 million basketball arena has 14,831 unobstructed-view seats, a springy beechwood floor, excellent lighting and—best of all for Coach Bob King—not one pane of glass between the court and the dressing rooms. Thus, 6-9 Center Mel Daniels probably will make it safely through the Western Athletic Conference race this time, and New Mexico should make the NCAAs. Midway through last season, at half time of the first Utah game, Mel followed his teammates off the floor of the old gym and through a doorway. He pushed against a windowpane in the door, the glass shattered, and the resulting deep wounds in his arm, shoulder, forehead and shooting hand required as many stitches as a bushel of baseballs. He returned, half crippled, for most of the remaining games, but the Lobos, who were 11–2 when he was hurt, ended up 16–8. This fall Daniels is fully healed, and it is obvious in New Mexico's defensive drills. Assistant Coach Harv Schmidt watches carefully, and when anyone dares to approach good shooting territory he yells, "No one comes to the hoop now, Melvin. *No one!*" Whereupon Daniels leaves his own man, flies through the air with scarred arm raised and spikes the intruder's shot into the floor like a volleyball player. He can pile up points, too—17 per game as a sophomore, 21 last season, when he was the team's top scorer in 16 games.

The Lobos must have Daniels in one piece to be a national contender and to cope with their regular schedule, which includes two games apiece with strong WAC rivals Utah and Brigham Young and a cactus-country classic December 16 at Texas Western. They also must have depth and quickness—and they do. Daniels' slickest ally is 6-3, 220-pound senior Ben Monroe, who moves like a jackrabbit and would go through a brick wall, or even a windowpane, to get a loose ball. He was second in scoring and rebounding to Mel last season and can handle forwards or backcourt men. The shocking thing about Ben is that he is from within the state (Carlsbad). Usually, any Brooklyn playground produces more prospects than all of New Mexico. Which brings up Frank Judge, who went to Boys High of Brooklyn (alma mater of Sihugo Green, Connie Hawkins and Len Wilkens) but never played there, making his name in playground ball and at Cameron (Okla.) Junior College. "King got the man he needed in Judge," says Texas Western Coach Don Haskins. "This guy is like a cat. He's the slickest man you'll ever see on a floor." In practice, Judge scores almost at will with his left-handed jump shot. Illinois import Don Hoover, an experienced senior, will set up the deliberate offense, and 6-7 Bill Morgan, from Canton, Ohio (13 points a game last season), is back to help Daniels challenge any wrong-colored jerseys near the hoop. The fans in Albuquerque, who used to beg the Lobos to fire away, now understand Coach King's emphasis on defense, and the university should have little trouble filling those unobstructed seats.

The league competition is dangerous, however. In Provo, Utah, where the snowy Wasatch Mountains hover over the modern Brigham Young campus, some of the lanky Cougars practically reach the snow line themselves. BYU has 6-11 Center Craig Raymond, two 6-11 juniors, 6-8 and 6-9 sophomores and three other players 6-7. Raymond is agile and experienced, but most of the others need work, as Coach Stan Watts readily admits. He also admits to some small consolations, such as 6-5 Forward Neil Roberts (11 points per game), who tore a kneecap off before the NIT last year but is again a "terrific fast-break man"; 6-4 Guard-Forward Gary Hill, a starter as a sophomore but a bad-knee victim last season, and a fine passel of newcomers, including 6-7 Kari Liimo from Finland's Olympic team and 6-5 Marty Lythgoe, a good jump shooter. If the lame and the halt recover soon enough, the defending NIT champs should make their fans forget departed Guards Dick Nemelka and Jeff Congdon.

Nobody is crying for The Fox, Coach Jack Gardner of Utah, whose surprise team finished fourth in the nation after winning the WAC championship and the Far West Regionals. Top scorers Jerry Chambers and George Fisher are gone, but the Redskins have a fine guard in Merv Jackson, only a junior, who did very well in the NCAA finals. Jackson is 6-2 and skinny, but he can shoot and he can jump. Gardner recruited two hotshots from California's phenomenal junior college crop, 6-2 Guard Walt Simon and 6-8 Center DeWitt Menyard. They must learn his system quickly if Utah is to have a chance at another title. The thought of a healthy Mel Daniels at New Mexico should make them work at it.

RECORD VS	NONCONFERENCE	TEAMS
1964	WON 70	LOST 35
1965	WON 74	LOST 26
1966	WON 73	LOST 25



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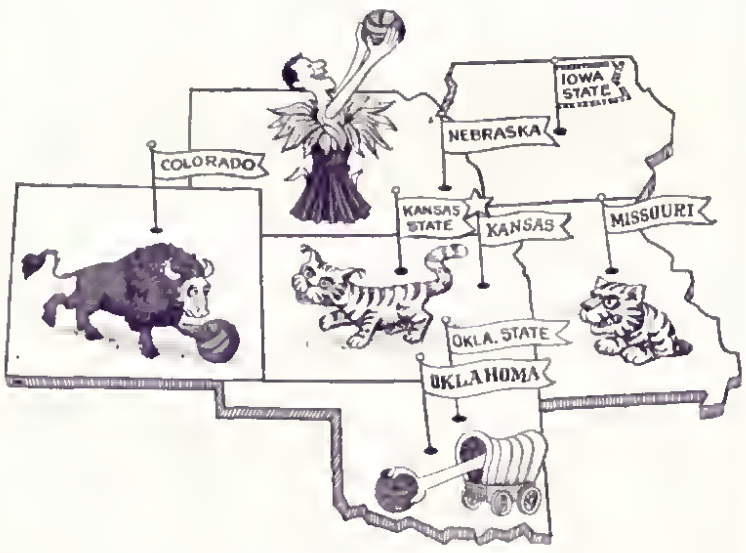
BIG EIGHT

"Hey, Bob," Nebraska Coach Joe Cipriano said the other day, welcoming the Converse shoe salesman to his office. "I can always count on you showing up. We must be your best customer." The salesman nodded and went quickly to his left for the order pad. Slippery Joe's full-court, full-game press is as tough on shoes as it is on opponents. Each Cornhusker regular wears out four pairs a season.

Two hundred miles to the south, over the cold, dusty plains, is Lawrence, Kansas, where talk about shoes stirs a different response. At Kansas they believe that because of a shoe—a white one—a national championship may have been lost. With the score 69-all in the waning seconds of the first overtime in the Midwest Regional final last March between Kansas and Texas Western, sophomore Jo Jo White popped a desperation 35-footer. It swished. The buzzer rang, pandemonium reigned—and a whistle blew. Just before he shot, White's sneaker had grazed the out-of-bounds line. It was so close a thing, the official said later, that if White had been wearing black shoes, it probably would not have been possible to determine whether his foot had touched the black stripe. The Miners went on to win 81–80 in the second overtime and subsequently, of course, they took the national championship.

Neither Kansas nor Nebraska, the runaway one-two teams last year, appears capable of top national contention this season. But they remain the best in the Big Eight Conference. They will not have things to themselves this time, however, for Colorado, Iowa State, Kansas State and even Missouri all have a chance to win. And why not? In the Big Eight, where only Kansas and K-State have arenas larger than a Holiday Inn bedroom, the home-court advantage is not just your average home-court advantage. It is more of a kangaroo-court advantage. Nebraska was 11–0 last year in its old Coliseum, where the spectators' feet extend to the edge of the court, nudging the players' sneakers. The Huskers have four starters back from last year's surprise 20–5 team, but the bench is thinner, Center Willie Campbell is the tallest starter at 6-5, and you have to wonder just how long their press will continue to upset rivals.

MAPS BY JAMES FLORA



In Nebraska's favor is the fact that the conference still is not used to such tactics. Big Eight play tends toward the more conventional—from the patterned Kansas style all the way down to the stop-look-and-listen game at Oklahoma A&M. Cipriano is shaking things up a bit by moving his quickest player, senior Nate Branch, from safety man to the left-front press position. Guard Jim Damm, the new starter, will be on the other side. Tom Baack, the team's best shooter, returns with his 15-point average and his slicked-down Penrod haircut. Also back is Stuart Lantz, the 6-3 guard who led the team in rebounding.

Nebraska's is an outstanding press, but Kansans think White is good enough to handle it and set up the Jayhawks' own tempo. Nebraskans believe the Huskers are too quick for him, especially since he no longer has Del Lewis and Al Lopes for support. They graduated, along with All-America Center Walt Wesley. But Kansas had a magnificent freshman team last year, and now these mostly skinny sophomores should help White retain the title. Vernon (Pickles) Vanoy is not one of the skinny ones—he was, in fact, an all-Missouri football end—and he will replace Wesley. He is 6-8 and a willing student, but the way he propels line drives toward the basket makes it obvious he will be of more value on defense and off the boards than as a scorer. Besides, the two forwards—Rod Franz and Roger Bohnensteihl—are both good shooters. Senior Pat Davis, who played little last year, must hold off sophomore Phil Harmon to start in the backcourt. Harmon is a good outside shooter, however, and probably would complement White better. As for Nebraska's press, Coach Ted Owens says his boys can run well enough when they have to. Obviously, the Jayhawks are not running scared. They're still wearing white shoes.

RECORD VS. NONCONFERENCE TEAMS		
1964	WON 36	LOST 35
1965	WON 34	LOST 31
1966	WON 30	LOST 35

CONTINUED

Booth's House of Lord's, the non-conformist gin from England is different from every other gin in the world.

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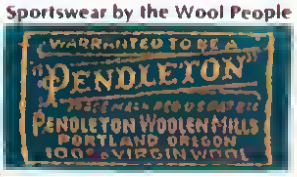


Eagle River Jacket, 20.00. Challis Sport Shirt, 15.00. Cardigan Blazer, 26.00. Short-sleeve Button-down Shirts, 14.00. Links Cardigan, 20.00, Boy's Button-down Shirt, 14.00, Pendleton Slacks, 20.00-23.00. Motor Robe, 14.95. All shirts shown are washable.

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SEC

The Commonwealth of Kentucky obviously is suffering from an embarrassment of riches in a number of areas. There is so much political talent around, for example, that the state Democratic financial chairman, Colonel Harlan Sanders, the fried-chicken tycoon, couldn't seem to make up his mind and was caught dispensing $500 of his own to a Republican candidate. The colonel is going to have an even more difficult time this winter deciding which of Kentucky's basketball teams to back and which games to favor with his goateed presence. Although the University of Kentucky was national runner-up last year, the Wildcats appear to be no better than third in their own state—after Western Kentucky and Louisville. Kentucky still seems to be the class of the SEC, however, and a lukewarm early schedule should allow it to stay high in the polls. But if the remarkable old Baron, Adolph Rupp, can bring about even an approximation of last year's performance, it would make all the glory of his first 36 years in Lexington seem pale by comparison.

On paper, to the poll voter in Oregon, the Wildcats may look as impressive as last year. After all, the two All-Americas, Pat Riley and Louie Dampier, are back, and Center Thad (Bear) Jaracz is now a wily junior. The two missing from the first five, Larry Conley and Tommy Kron, were the lowest scorers. But these two made the team go. "We'll certainly miss Conley," Rupp says, "but we'll also miss Kron more than most people realize. Conley set us up with his passes and ball handling, but so did Tommy, and we needed his height on the boards."

Kron's apparent replacement, junior Bob Tallent, is four inches shorter at 6-1. A redhead who plays electric guitar duets with Jaracz, Tallent started this summer when the Wildcats toured the Mediterranean area. For Conley's forward position two juniors, 6-3 Tommy Porter and 6-2 Jim LeMaster, are in contention. Rupp tried moving Jaracz there instead, and starting 6-8 Cliff Berger at center, but the experiment did not work out. So the starting team is going to have less height than last year's, which was called Rupp's Runts, and the Baron will have to depend even more on speed and shooting. At the latter, Dampier and Riley are the two best he has ever had. None of Kentucky's previous 22 All-Americas, or anybody else who ever wore the blue and white, even approached their accuracy. Over two seasons Dampier has hit .515, Riley .481. A powerful 6-5 205-pounder, "The Irishman" also leads the team in rebounds and muscles. One pro football scout watched him play basketball last winter and immediately vowed to draft him as a defensive back even before he learned that Riley had been an All-America quarterback at Linton High in Schenectady, N.Y. Before settling on basketball and Kentucky, he had dreams of becoming an Olympic ice skater or swimmer. He is acknowledged to be the team's best dancer, and this summer, taking a new tack, he worked at Tom Gentry's horse-breeding farm in the Bluegrass.

While every college that fielded so much as a mah-jongg team wanted Riley, Dampier—born and bred right in the heart of Indiana basketball territory—was considered too small by everybody but the Baron. Louie finally grew to 6 feet and, helped by a passion for liver, even fattened up to an iron-chocked 165. He and Riley will have to be better and stronger than ever to keep the Wildcats on top in the SEC.

Tennessee, led by versatile Ron Widby, has all of Coach Ray Mears's imaginative defenses; Florida has its Royal Palm front line back; and Mississippi State may surprise everyone. There will be at least one interesting match-up when State meets Kentucky. Coach Joe Dan Gold, 24, was born when Franklin Roosevelt was President and is eligible for the draft; Coach Rupp, 65, was born in the year Theodore Roosevelt became President and is eligible for Medicare.

RECORD VS. NONCONFERENCE TEAMS		
1964	WON 70	LOST 58
1965	WON 59	LOST 47
1966	WON 68	LOST 39



CONTINUED

SOUTHWEST

While loyal Texans weren't looking, another sport was threatening to catch on in the state's high schools. A lot of those young, strong, lithe, quick and good ole football players were starting to play basketball. In fact, some were dribbling even more than they were z-outing. These good ole boys were thereafter known as traitors. Something had to be done—and was. The Texas high school athletic association didn't go around drilling all basketball coaches full of lead or setting fire to all the gyms; it just, in the words of one coach, "sort of prohibited" basketball except during the months of the season, October to March. All organized practices at other times were outlawed, players could not participate in any out-of-state practices and summer clinics were discontinued. It was a pretty effective way to handle those round-ball revolutionaries, and high school basketball in Texas, always poor, quickly slid all the way down there to miserable.

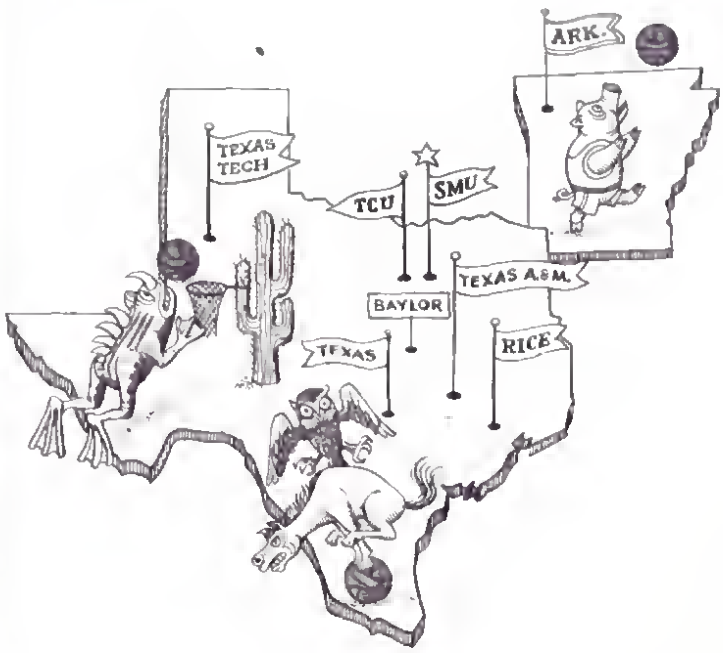
Despite all this, interest in Southwest Conference basketball is increasing. Attendance has risen 17,000 over the past two years and coaches are seeking good players outside of Texas. In Dallas enthusiasm for the game has proceeded from nothing to, well, something, as a result of SMU's success. This is a league of basketball have-nots, but SMU is annually a sort of have because of E. D. (Doc) Hayes ("What else are you going to call a guy named Elmore Onslow?"), the bespectacled, bald and thoroughly entertaining gentleman who has coached the Mustangs for 19 years. "It is a fact that God made all heads," says Doc, defending his dome. "He just covered up the ones he was ashamed of." Doc says a lot of things like that, partly because it is natural with him and partly to foster a little more interest in his sport.

Out of habit by now, preseason forecasters pick Doc's teams to win the SWC, because he always has a well-drilled group that has listened to and absorbed his savvy. Seven times in the past 12 years the forecasters have been right, and since there are four returning starters from SMU's championship team of last season, they should be right again. Doc's opinion is, "The only reliable prophets I know of were in the Old Testament."

Baylor has the best big man in the league, 6-7 Darrell Hardy, but no backcourt. TCU has nearly everyone back and adds the first Negroes to play basketball in the SWC—sophomore James Cash and JC transfer John Ed White, from that old cattle town of Passaic, N.J. These two schools are the challengers, and Rice will make some noise with new Coach Don Knodel (from Vanderbilt), but SMU still appears to be best.

Doc will miss 6-7 Carroll Hooser, a brilliant shooter who averaged more than 20 points a game from his low-post position last year, but the other Mustangs have played together for three years and have traveled to two NCAA regional tournaments; they are used to the pressure and they know each other's moves. This last is especially important when you play the free-lance, help-out offense Hayes teaches. Charles Beasley, 6-5, the Mustangs' second leading scorer with a 19-point average, is very quick and one of the best one-on-one men in the area. "Beasley may be the finest pro prospect out of this league since Jim Krebs went up in 1957," says Doc. Bob Begart will be the other forward, with Denny Holman and Bob Jones at guards. John Higginbotham, 6-6, takes over the post position, which Hayes prefers to use for making points rather than for feeding. Two sophomores figure to play a lot—6-7 Lynn Phillips and 6-3 Bill Voight, who is the best backcourt prospect SMU has had for some time. Last year the Mustangs lost three of their first four league games, then took 10 straight and won the title on the last day of the season. Five of the victories were by a total of 10 points, and Doc the gentleman says they all could have gone the other way. But the better-coached team usually wins those close games. And it will again this season.

RECORD VS	NONCONFERENCE	TEAMS
1964	WON 40	LOST 40
1965	WON 37	LOST 40
1966	WON 30	LOST 48



MISSOURI VALLEY

"Freshmen, now they're jest fine," says Peck Hickman, the voluble, volatile Louisville coach, "but by the next year they know all the tricks, all the shortcuts. There's nobody in the world knows so much as a damn sophomore." And the things sophomores do to Peck! Last year, in each of the two games played against Louisville, a Cincinnati sophomore—Dean Foster, then John Howard—made a desperation basket at the buzzer. Those two shots by sophomores cost the Cardinals the title and gave it to the Bearcats. This season sophomores again comprise the balance of power in the Missouri Valley, and since Louisville has the best one, Butch Beard, and still has last year's best, Westley Unseld, it should beat out Cincinnati for the title. But a race in the Valley is always as unpredictable as a barrel of sophomores. Last year, for example winner Cincinnati was nearly everyone's choice for seventh place. So everybody has a chance this year. Drake has Bob Netolicky eligible again, and he makes the fourth returning starter. Wichita State has four also, but the Wheatshockers' top sophomore, 6-8 Simmy Hill, flunked out, and there went the answer to Unseld. North Texas, winless in the Valley last year, is the darkest horse of all.

Unseld, who averaged 20 points and 19 rebounds, should be even more effective with Beard and yet another sophomore, Jerry King, at the forwards to take the pressure off him. King is rugged—6-5, 205—and a terrific shot; Beard is only 6-3 and 175 and is not a great shooter, but he has marvelous quickness. He occasionally will switch places with Guard Fred Holden, and Butch would like to play there all the time. "He and Holden both would," Hickman says, proving that coaches know more about sophomores than sophomores think they do. "They both jest want to be wherever they can piddle with the ball more," Hickman explains.

Holden was a sophomore in 1965, the archetype of the species: either brilliant or atrocious on offense, plain sophomoric on defense and temperamental enough to be set down for one whole game. Now a settled junior—he says so himself—Holden will open in the backcourt with Dave Gilbert or possibly, if you please, with another sharpshooting sophomore, Denny Deeken.

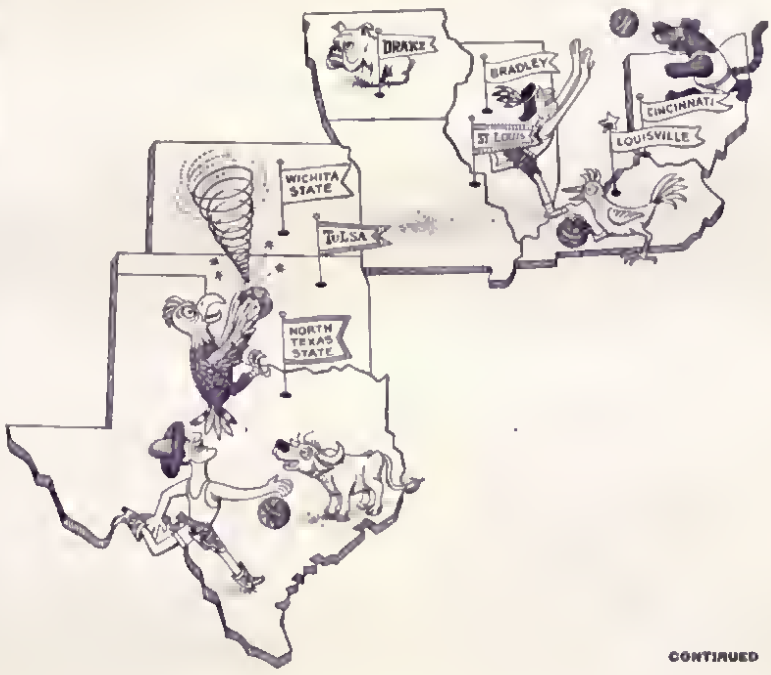
The knee that bothered Unseld last year is fully healed; he is able to press and run with his teammates. Cincinnati's hopes for a repeat, then, hinge in large part on whether 6-9 Ricky Roberson, a sophomore, of course, can handle Unseld. Roberson is already such an accomplished defender that Coach Tay Baker chastises him for blocking shots—he smashes them so hard they go out of bounds. "Tip 'em, just tip 'em, Rick!" Baker pleads, as another Roberson slam goes into the seats.

Baker also has newcomers Gordon Smith and Raleigh Wynn fighting for the open backcourt spot and Dick Haucke battling up front. Mike Rolf returns at one forward and Guard Roland West will be eligible in January. Dean Foster steers the team. After Foster's running hook shot beat Louisville last year, Cincinnati headed right home, busing its way slowly through a midnight blizzard. Baker, in a hurry to return, planned to push straight through, but a hand found his shoulder in the dark. It was Foster. He was hungry, he said, and pleaded for a stop for food. Baker knew very well the others had selected Foster as their advocate—but how can a coach refuse a sophomore who has just won a game for him? The bus pulled in at the next diner.

Hickman longs for the chance to be so generous to *his* sophomores. "Hey, Peck," a visitor heckled after practice one day this fall, "you'd never start *two* sophomores, would ya?"

"No," Hickman replied. Then, placing his hands on his hips, "Might jest start three. How'dja like that?" The visitor paled.

RECORD VS NONCONFERENCE TEAMS		
1964	WON 76	LOST 31
1965	WON 66	LOST 33
1966	WON 65	LOST 32



CONTINUED

BIG TEN

After dribbling and shooting his way through the Big Ten for three years, Cazzie Lee Russell has retired from amateur sport, leaving three league-championship trophies at his alma mater, Michigan, and some hope at last at the other nine schools. With Caz gone and chief accomplice Oliver Darden studying law, there is a chance for a free-for-all in a conference that has been dominated for almost a decade by Ohio State (Jerry Lucas *et al.*) and then Michigan. No team seems ready to found another dynasty, but there is a strong feeling among Midwest coaches that the title will move just a few miles, to that colossus of college athletics on the banks of the Red Cedar River, Michigan State.

It is not that the Spartans are a top contender for the NCAA championship, but Coach John Benington made a powerful impression last season, his first at East Lansing after nine years at Drake and St. Louis U. in the tough Missouri Valley Conference. Benington took over a team that had won only five games the previous season and guided it, somehow, to a 17–7 mark and second place behind Michigan. He was runner-up in a wire-service poll for national Coach of the Year.

He is envied for having the most ballyhooed sophomore in the league—Lee Lafayette, a 6-6 forward with muscles for two. Lee was a High School All-America center in Grand Rapids and, according to his coach, almost joined Lew Alcindor at UCLA. "He was one of the better freshmen I've had since I've been coaching," said Benington. "He's good outside or inside—good quickness, good hands. He's not afraid to play a little defense. But he has to help us in scoring or I don't know where we're going to get it." (Michigan State lost its two best shooters, Bill Curtis and Stan Washington.)

At center is Matthew Aitch, of whom people are always asking, "Matthew H. what?" He is only 6-7 which will hurt when he plays giants like Michigan's 6-11 Craig Dill. Matthew was set to go to Drake before last season, but he jumped at the chance to step right in as a Big Ten starter with Benington and did fairly well, averaging 14 points and nine rebounds a game. He is an example of the league's trend toward recruiting junior college transfers. The forward opposite Lafayette probably will be Art Baylor from Washington, D.C., a nephew of the Lakers' great Elgin. If his ankle holds up—it was injured last season—his surname alone should be worth 10 points a game. Benington has three good guards: Stevel Rymal, an infielder on the baseball team; John Bailey, a fine golfer; and Shannon Reading.

Not a team, surely, to frighten rivals with overwhelming talent, but it does have one big edge: its defense, always Benington's chief preoccupation, will again be the best in the league. "The second year becomes a lot tougher," said Benington. "We snuck up on some people last year and there was a little bit of a carry-over from football. This season they're all waiting to see me."

Northwestern has not had a piece of the title since 1933 and has not even finished as high as second since 1934, but there is hope, at least, in Evanston for a contending team this year. An early home game against Kentucky (Wildcats vs. Wildcats) should tell a lot. Northwestern has the league's highest returning scorer in 6-4 Jim Burns (22-point average in conference games) and several other good veterans. Illinois will have three chances in December to establish a reputation: non-conference games at Kentucky and West Virginia and then a trip to the Coast for the LA Classic. The big gun for the Illini is 6-7 Rich Jones from Memphis who is adept at center or forward. As a sophomore last season he averaged 21 points and 11 rebounds a game. Guard Jim Dawson returns as playmaker, and 6-7 sophomore Steve Kuberski is an excellent shooter who needs a few more vitamins to become a Big Ten-style bruiser under the boards.

Elsewhere there are sob stories. Minnesota lost Lou Hudson and Archie Clark, both now pros. Iowa lost four starters and one potential replacement did not make his grades. The Hawkeyes have high hopes for Detroit product Sam Williams, a JC transfer who can go at guard or forward. Purdue lost Dave Schellhase, leading scorer in the country, and Rick Mount is only a freshman. Indiana and Wisconsin have good young teams but can only be rated as dark horses.

Ohio State is crying loudest. Coach Fred Taylor had a fine sophomore corner man last season, 6-7 Wilmer (Bill) Hosket. He was to move into the pivot this fall, but he twisted his left knee in the first workout. After sitting out more than two weeks, he ran up and down the floor a few times, tried a pivot and out went the knee again. Doctors said it will be almost a month before Hosket can come back, meaning no work at all at the new position before the opener against Butler. The Buckeyes lack size even with Hosket. If his knee problem becomes chronic, Taylor might as well stay home and enjoy some old Jerry Lucas movies.



RECORD VS NONCONFERENCE TEAMS		
1964	WON 61	LOST 43
1965	WON 68	LOST 31
1966	WON 56	LOST 44

CONTINUED

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MID-AMERICAN

Bowling Green, Ohio celebrates two significant events each year—the day the new line of truck bodies is introduced at the Daybrook-Ottawa Corporation and the opening of the basketball season-ticket sales at Bowling Green State University. The truck bodies may sit around for a while on the dealers' lots, and there are always more where they came from. But with 11,200 students plus enough basketball fans among the faculty and townsfolk to fill three large dairies and a granary, the tickets for the 5,321 seats in tiny BG field house disappear like lovers at the senior prom. When the BG Falcons are winning, every day is payday at the catsup cannery and the farmers even have a good word for the tomato worms. Trouble is, the Falcons haven't been winning much since Harold Anderson, the ancient and revered head coach, turned over the towel to his assistant, Wally Scholler, three years ago. Friends of Anderson like to think the reason is that the team misses Anderson's leadership. The cognoscenti, however, point out that when Anderson departed following back-to-back titles in 1961-62 and 1962-63, he left town on the same train with All-America Center Nate Thurmond, willing Scholler a legacy of mediocrity.

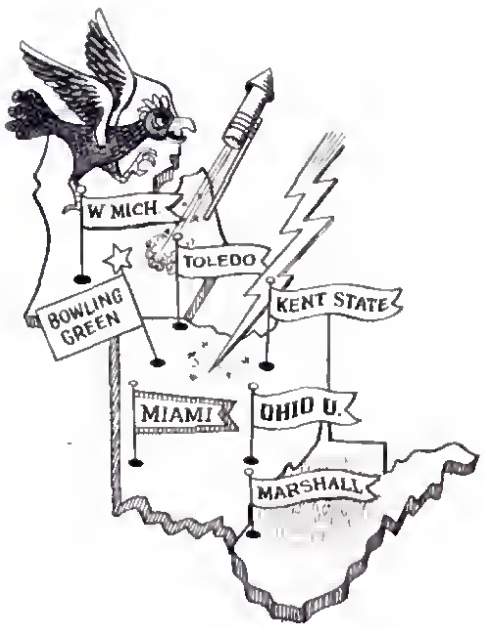
Like the busy campus of this state-supported school, which lies 20 miles south of Toledo, Scholler's basketball team has been abuilding. The campus is strewn with picturesque cement mixers and ivy-covered bulldozers. A gaggle of new buildings is under way, $34 million worth in some stage of construction right now, including a 23,000-seat football stadium, an ice arena, a science building, a 100-bed hospital and an eight-story library. The library sits next to the field house, its concrete-covered facade displaying a stunning eight-story creation in black and white, which the university's artist-in-residence, Donald Drumm, calls a "nonobjective mural." You get other versions.

It is not hard to pick out the squad's two best players. On a clear day you can see them across the flat farmlands all the way from Toledo. In BG's most successful years Anderson always had one big gunner, whom he surrounded with ammo carriers with a standing order to keep the giant supplied with the ball. This year the big roller is a 6-8, 235-pound junior forward from Toledo named Walt Piatkowski, who won the Mid-American scoring title last season with a 19-point average.

In charge of getting the ball to Piatkowski is Center Al Dixon, a myopic 6-9 junior who also comes from Toledo. On these two, plus a couple of junior college transfers, rest the 46-year-old Scholler's hopes for the upper hand in a close race with veteran teams at Western Michigan and Marshall. "Piatkowski has all the shots, all the moves," says Scholler, a stubby, dark-eyed Ohio State graduate who has retained most of the Anderson system at BG. "He can go to the corner with the forwards, drive with the guards and play the high post with most centers. The only thing wrong with the kid is he worries too much. If I come to practice and tell the team I've got an upset stomach, Piatkowski worries about it all afternoon. He's so busy telling the other players what to do on defense, sometimes his own job suffers. He worries for everybody—about their grades, about their jobs. It gets me sometimes. I tell him to think about himself and to hell with everybody else." With a mediocre team, Piatkowski scored 44 points against Marshall early last year, and to prove it was no fluke he also got 24 points against Big Ten champion Michigan, 32 against Syracuse, 26 against Oklahoma City and 23 against DePaul.

Dixon, the quiet giant who wears horn-rimmed glasses on court, averaged 11 rebounds a game. His weight worries Scholler. He's only 220 and, spread over 6-9, that's not much more than skin on bones. The transfers are Al Hairston, a 6-1 guard who was the nation's fifth highest junior college scorer (29 points a game) at Port Huron (Mich.) Junior College last year, and Joe Henderson, a 6-5 forward who prepped at Allan Hancock Junior College in Santa Maria, Calif. for two years. Both will move into starting jobs—Henderson alongside Piatkowski at forward and Hairston teaming with 6-foot junior Rich Hendrix, who started every game for BG last year. Dick Rudgers, a 6-2 sophomore, and Ted Rose, a 6-1 senior, are subs at guard, and Dan Rinicella, a 6-4 senior, can fill in at forward. Another 6-9 sub is Phil Benedict, a 20-year-old sophomore who transferred to BG after his freshman year at Duke and is eligible for the first time this year. BG's prospects, of course, hinge on Dixon getting the ball and Piatkowski shooting it. Dixon has problems around the hoop. In his freshman year his coordination was so poor he couldn't sing and take a shower at the same time. Work has improved his moves. Scholler likes his teams to run, but in the last two years his guards have chugged down the floor as if they were pulling Jackie Gleason in a rickshaw. Hairston, a high school flash in Detroit, should improve the fast break.

RECORD VS NONCONFERENCE TEAMS		
1964	WON 52	LOST 36
1965	WON 38	LOST 42
1966	WON 39	LOST 40



CONTINUED

OHIO VALLEY

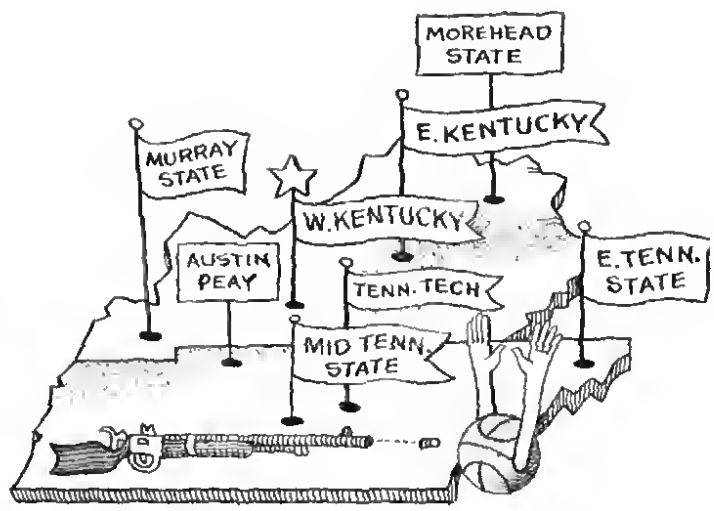
A famous hill crowns the campus of Western Kentucky and is responsible for its teams being known as the Hilltoppers. But no landmark, no tradition, no other sport is so closely woven into the spirit and history of the school as basketball. Western opened in 1906 in Bowling Green as a teachers' college. It became a university only this year. In 1914, in an old, barnlike building that accommodated about 250, the Hilltoppers started playing basketball. E. A. Diddle came to coach in 1922, and in 1930, despite the Depression, a new gymnasium that held all of 4,500 people was built. It was an architectural folly, many believed—"They'll never fill all those fancy seats." In 1963, Diddle's last as coach, they dedicated the E. A. Diddle Arena. It can seat up to 13,000. After 42 years and 759 victories, Diddle retired and was succeeded by Johnny Oldham, one of the best of the many good players he had coached. They made over the old gym into the school library. Until the day they start turning old libraries into gyms, basketball is going to be very big at Western.

This year should be its biggest. There is no team in the Ohio Valley that can even contend with Western, and the Hilltoppers have such a generally weak nonconference schedule that they have a better chance of going through the regular season unbeaten than UCLA. Oldham has four all-conference starters back from last year's 25-3 team that was eliminated 80-79 by Michigan in the Mideast Regionals. Western led 79-78 with only seconds to go, but after a missed free throw a jump ball was called between Greg Smith, a sophomore, and Cazzie Russell. At the jump Smith was whistled for pushing Russell, and Cazzie promptly sank the two free throws. Had Western won, the Hilltoppers finally would have gotten to play their Bluegrass cousins, the Wildcats of Kentucky, after a quarter of a century of trying to arrange such a game.

Instead, the next night, after swamping Dayton in the meaningless consolation, Oldham and his assistants sat up nearly until dawn, running the film of that jump ball over and over. They could not stop punishing themselves with the sight of that numbing moment. But Oldham is lucky. He has the material with which to exact revenge upon the fates. Joining the four holdovers is junior Norman Weaver, a rugged 6-5 and 210, who looks as if he will fit in fine at center. Weaver comes from Allen County High, and his presence gives the Hilltoppers an all-Kentucky starting cast. The players are alike in other ways, too. The All-America candidate, Clem (The Gem) Haskins, who averaged 20 points a game, is 6-3, but the other four starters are all within half an inch of each other, around 6-5. All are quick and virtually interchangeable. Haskins, in fact, is a forward. Wayne Chapman, the tallest man on the team and a fine driver, is a guard. Then there are the 6-5 Smith brothers—Greg, the rebounder and defensive sharpie who will be at forward, and Dwight, who has a classy fallaway jumper and will start at guard. Dwight and Haskins were the first Negroes to play for Western, as freshmen in 1963.

The team's talent is so well distributed that concentrating on one man—Haskins, say—will only open the gates for someone else. The Hilltoppers do not have a really big man, but they learned how to live with that problem last year. A thin bench is more likely to prove troublesome. Otherwise, Oldham has the speed, rebounding, experience and team-play talents that coaches dream about. Western is a good bet to finish second in the wire-service polls. This would be more than "Uncle Ed" Diddle ever accomplished, but it would not bother him. He is still the Hilltoppers' biggest rooter, wringing his familiar red towel in despair and exhilaration as he watches from his own special red-carpeted box. Western officials probably felt he needed something of his own, since his old office, in the library, became the Rare Books Room.

RECORD VS. NONCONFERENCE TEAMS		
1964	WON 37	LOST 29
1965	WON 35	LOST 32
1966	WON 41	LOST 27



SOUTHERN

If you peek into the equipment manager's trunk at West Virginia and spot a pair of basketball shorts trimmed in lace, don't get any ideas. The lace-pantie award is ready for any Mountaineer player who appears the least bit reluctant to dive headlong after a loose ball or shies away from flying elbows. Nobody has had to wear the panties yet, but the award is an effective reminder of what Coach Bucky Waters demands of his players. Forward Dave Reaser split the backside of his regular pants in practice one day and Waters discovered that the lace shorts were the only replacement available. Reaser turned red and chose to remain air conditioned the rest of the session.

"From 4 to 6 every afternoon, out on the practice floor, I'm the DI," says Waters. "We have a little drill. I throw the ball on the floor and send two boys after it. They bruise a lot and skin some knees, but they go get that ball. They've got to learn what it's like to be in the pit. Nothing is important except 'go for the other guy, don't let him have a thing, beat him.' I don't intend for my kids to be losers." In the Southern Conference this season, Waters' second as DI, they do not figure to be losers.

West Virginia has four starters back, the best of them being 6-3 Guard Ron (Fritz) Williams, who averaged 20 points and six assists a game and made first-team all-conference as a sophomore though his eyes were so weak he depended on teammates to tell him what the scoreboard said. Now he wears contact lenses and should shoot better than 50% from the floor. The two-man front court, three-man backcourt used by Waters is meant to capitalize on speed, of which Williams has plenty. Ron will be the star of the show. As Waters puts it, "Our horse is going to have the ball."

The Mountaineers also have an interesting trio from around Washington, D.C. —Carl Head, Jim Lewis and Norman Holmes. Head, a 6-4 senior forward, is clever under the basket, leaps well and was second to Williams in scoring last season with a 14-point average. He scorched his left shoulder recently when he leaned against a hot pipe in the dressing room, but the injury should not hamper him for long. Head was shooting only 56.3% from the free-throw line after nine games last season when Assistant Coach Sonny Moran noticed a tiny flaw—Carl was dipping a little too far. He dipped less and shot 78.5% the rest of the way. Lewis is a 6-2 toughie who missed last season because of bad knees. He seems fit for the pit now. Forward Holmes, also 6-2, is a karate devotee and ex-marine and is unlikely ever to wear lace panties.

To go with all this speed, West Virginia needs height. Hopefully, it will be supplied by 6-8 Bob Benfield, who is not exactly swanlike in his movements but is tough on defense. Unfortunately, Benfield, a journalism major from Louisiana, tore a ligament in his right ankle and may not be much help for a while.

The Mountaineers finished with a good 19–9 record last season and put together upsets over St. John's, Davidson and Duke. They came from behind in 16 of their 19 wins and were not defeated at either of their home bases, Morgantown or Charleston. But Davidson won the league playoffs and the right to enter the NCAA tournament, and Waters still steams about that. It also was Davidson, led by Dick Snyder, that beat West Virginia 105–79 in Charlotte as the Wildcat *manager* scored the last basket. And it is Davidson that has the only chance to beat the Mountaineers for the title this time. Snyder is gone to the pros, but Davidson Coach Lefty Driesell still has a few assets, including an $1,800 video-tape machine from Japan, complete with camera, tripod, eight-inch TV set and microphone. "We can study the pictures, show them to the boys, then erase them and use the tape over again," says Driesell. "That cuts out the expense of buying a lot of movie film. We will use the video-tape replays and stop-action at half time of games, and if we really get into a situation where we're not getting the job done we can call time-out and show the tape then."

Even more valuable are a couple of tall and tried juniors, 6-9 Rodney Knowles from Greenville, N.C. who averaged 19 points a game, and 6-10 Tom Youngdale from Peru, Ill. (10 points), who probably won't fit on that little screen. Knowles is the better of the two, especially at scoring and blocking shots. Bobby Lane of New Orleans, a starter last season as a sophomore, quit the team to concentrate on keeping his high grade average, but the Wildcats seem to have two excellent replacements. Driesell says that Wayne Huckel, a 6-3 sophomore, is the best competitor he has ever coached and that David Moser, same class and size, is potentially the best guard he has had at Davidson. There are no seniors on the team, but Driesell does not feel too handicapped, especially after watching Huckel lead the scoring in scrimmages (he averaged 21 points a game on the freshman team). In a preseason poll of the nine Southern Conference coaches, seven voted for West Virginia and two voted for Davidson. That seems about right.

RECORD VS. NONCONFERENCE TEAMS		
1964	WON 50	LOST 37
1965	WON 45	LOST 41
1966	WON 35	LOST 54



CONTINUED

ATLANTIC COAST

The sun was sinking through the Carolina pines, killing the brisk November day in Chapel Hill. The cute coeds were walking over the golden soil, WCHL was signing off with a soft chorus of *Dixie* and Rusty Clark was yawning. Rusty had just finished hundreds of jump-ropes while loaded down with 25-pound weights, hundreds of jump shots from around the key, hundreds of tip-ins off the backboard, left- and right-handed hooks through an extra-small rim and passes out of the pivot. He also had jumped up and touched the backboard dozens of times and had dragged through 40 sprints up and down the court. It is tiring work learning to be a college basketball player. But Rusty is getting there quickly, and this season at North Carolina he will learn while playing, because when you are 6-11 and an uncut diamond, that is the way you have to do it. There is a question about that height. Rusty says he is 6-10½ and Coach Dean Smith insists that he is not 7 feet. But Rusty better get used to being called "the 7-footer," because that is what is going to happen. And don't think the Carolina players won't encourage it. When you have a 7-footer on your team you have the psych on your side. "Sure it's psychological," says Bobby Lewis, the All-America who scored 27 points a game last season. "He means a lot just being there. I mean, if I'm playing against a 7-footer, I'm going to think twice before I shoot the ball. He could be a nothing player, it wouldn't matter. Just that he's 7 feet and there. But this guy is going to be good."

There is no question but that the presence of Clark and of another celebrated big man—sophomore Mike Grosso at South Carolina—will give the ACC a genuine horse race for the first time in several years. Duke is not being conceded anything this year, though the Blue Devils will be strong and deep again up front, with 6-7 Mike Lewis, 6-8 Warren Chapman and 6-6 Bob Reidy all returning from the third-place NCAA team of last season. Duke also has one of the country's finest-shooting guards in Bob Verga, but whether he can take over the team leadership role shared by Steve Vacendak and Jack Marin and maintain his scoring as well is a big question. Skeptics want to be shown. They also do not believe Grosso will be allowed to play (SI, Nov. 7). South Carolina has the best backcourt in the league in Skip Harlicka and Jack Thompson, and 6-7, 245-pound Gary Gregor is back after a year-and-a-half absence, but the Gamecocks need Grosso to win. While Duke is still the favorite and South Carolina waits for a ruling, Chapel Hill eagerly anticipates the appearance of Rusty Clark and a group of other sophomores with Lewis and junior Larry Miller.

"Look," says Coach Smith, sitting in his paneled office, where the deep carpeting, chairs, pillows and telephone are all in shades of Carolina blue, "our sophomores are going to help us. But you never can tell how much or how soon. The way people talk, we're world-beaters right now. It's flattering, but it's just not true." Most of Smith's reservations concern Clark and another probable starting sophomore, 6-9, 182-pound Bill Bunting. Both are homebred and thus less experienced than many rookies who have grown up playing against far better high school competition.

There is no such worry about senior Tom Gauntlett, a fine shooter and defender who does a good job on Duke's Verga when they match up and who will battle Bunting for a starting position. Nor is the third sophomore starter likely to be jittery. He is 6-3 Dick Grubar, out of Schenectady, N.Y., who will direct the Tar Heel offense. Grubar is not exceptionally fast, but he has the quick hands and basketball sense necessary to be the kind of playmaker Carolina has not had since Larry Brown was driving defenses crazy three years ago.

Smith's other starters—Lewis and Miller—are almost an excellent basketball team by themselves. Lewis shot 52.9% last year to go with his 27-point average, while Miller shot 54.8% with 21 points a game as Carolina led the nation in field-goal percentage. Both are 6-3 and good jumpers but are as different in style as a fawn and a buffalo. Lewis, who will be playing his natural position—guard—for the first time as a collegian, is Jerry West all over again and, oddly, has better moves inside than out. Miller, 35 pounds heavier than Lewis, is so strong he broke the basket rim in a warmup drill before the Duke game last year. Smith hopes the two won't have to do so much scoring this time out, but the Tar Heels' basic 1-4 and 1-1-3 offenses are apparently aimed at working the ball from Clark into one-on-one situations for the L&M boys. As one rival coach says, "They are a terrific problem for your defense. Both are too big for quick guards to handle and too fast for big forwards. With Miller, you can tell your guys how to play him and what to look for, and he is so powerful he'll beat even the best job. With Lewis, you can try and tell somebody what to look for, but it won't help at all. Because there is just no way you know what he's going to do. No way."



RECORD VS	NONCONFERENCE	TEAMS
1964	WON 42	LOST 36
1965	WON 42	LOST 28
1966	WON 51	LOST 27

CONTINUED



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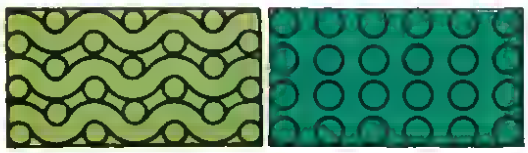
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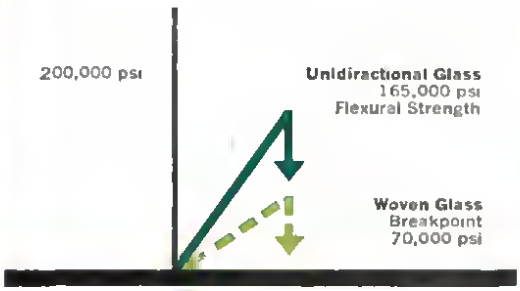
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IVY

On a good day Bill van Breda Kolff gets around the Springdale Golf Course in 75 shots or so. Then he walks over to Dillon Gym, changes into a warmup suit and goes to work. Work is coaching the Princeton basketball team, and work used to be play. But another Bill doesn't live here anymore, and now at Princeton work is work.

It is going on two years since Bill Bradley went to Portland and, in an otherwise meaningless consolation game against Wichita State, showed just how the game of basketball should be played. Though Coach van Breda Kolff's walk from golf course to gym seems a little longer now, and the maintenance men do not pull down sets of bleachers to accommodate the mobs for practice, and a few other changes are noticeable around Old Nassau—why, just a month ago a student committee voted on condemning the use of marijuana and marijuana lost 6-4—it is still Bill Bradley's Princeton. The autographed picture is up in coffeehouses around town, everyone reads of his exploits in England and in Italy and speculates about whether the New York Knickerbockers will persuade him to come and save them. One senior—a senior, mind you—went into ecstasy when his date saw a picture of Bradley on the wall and cooed, "I didn't know *you* played basketball." All too often in games last year, members of the team would look for Bradley and, seeing one of their own instead, would say, "I didn't know *you* played basketball."

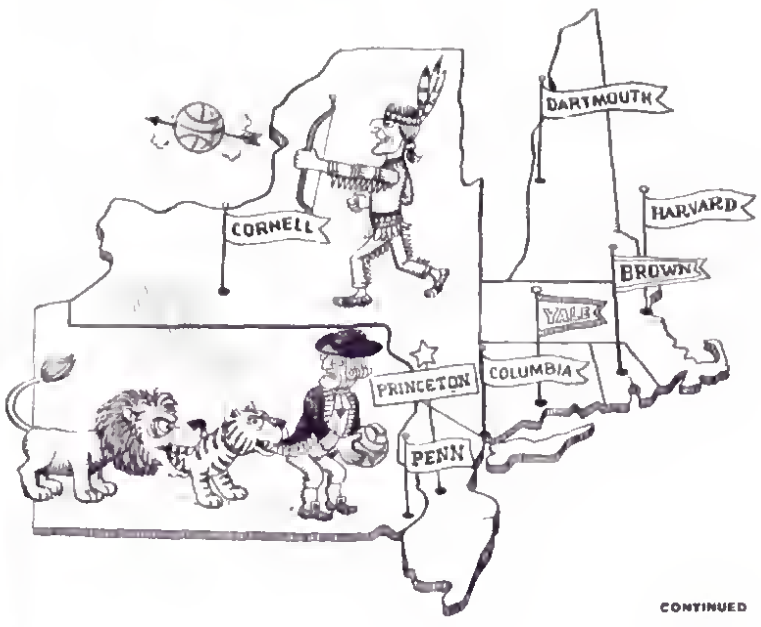
"That was the big problem in the close games," says van Breda Kolff. "For three years Bill gave us the clutch free throw, the big basket, the move that would save a game. Last year when a game got down to that pressure time, we had nobody to take over. We were lost." Gary Walters, the quick, 5-10 guard who directs the Princeton offense and could play with anyone, called the Tigers of last year "the only six-man team in history—five guys and a ghost." After staying in the Ivy race most of the year, the five guys and a ghost collapsed and finished fourth. One player admits the desire and dedication that Bradley had instilled were gone.

Now, the Tigers' period of adjustment may finally be over. With a nucleus of veterans and the addition of 6-9 Chris Thomforde, a blond, pink-skinned sophomore from Long Island, Princeton should again rise to the top of the Ivies. Van Breda Kolff is understandably worried about Columbia, which has 7-foot Dave Newmark and an outstanding 6-3 sophomore in Stan Walaszek. Cornell has two fine prospects, Hank South and Walt Esdaile. But defending champion Penn lost everybody, including the coach, and the only thing notable about the rest of the league is that this is Doggie Julian's swan song at Dartmouth.

With Walters, Princeton still has 6-9 Robby Brown and 6-6 Ed Hummer from the Bradley era. Brown, a starter for two years, will play behind Thomforde, who is faster and a better shot. Running them in alternately to press Newmark will give the Tigers an edge when they meet Columbia. Van Breda Kolff hopes that this is the year Hummer, who averaged 13 points and eight rebounds last season, reaches what has always seemed to be a brilliant potential. If he does, he is capable of tearing up the league. Princeton's best, however, may be Joe Heiser, a 6-2 swing man who was counted on heavily last year until he broke his wrist in a touch football game. Heiser missed half the season, then came on strong to lead the team in scoring in the last 10 games. John Haarlow, 6-6, the last and best of three brothers at Princeton, will be the fifth starter, and Dave Lawyer and Larry Lucchino will help.

"What we needed last season was more offense," says van Breda Kolff. "We were slow and just couldn't get the baskets. Now we're faster—Thomforde can run for a whole game—and we have better shooters and more depth." Princeton's defense has always been good. Now, if those five guys will stop believing in ghosts. . . .

RECORD VS. NONCONFERENCE TEAMS		
1964	WON 41	LOST 47
1965	WON 40	LOST 42
1966	WON 43	LOST 36



CONTINUED

YANKEE

Fred Shabel, the energetic young coach at Connecticut, takes pride in several practice drills he has developed. In one, players drive for layups and the coach fouls them, often very aggressively, as they shoot. In another, Shabel just tosses the ball on the floor and has the players dive and scramble for it. "Both drills," he says, "get them used to game conditions." In a third exercise, the UConns strengthen leg muscles by jumping back and forth over prone teammates. "More interesting than jumping rope," explains Shabel.

Such drills have helped UConn win or tie for the Yankee Conference title in all three seasons of Shabel's tenure. "But what would happen," he was asked, "if a man were hurt diving for a loose ball or making a layup in practice, or if a tired player didn't jump quite far enough and landed on a teammate's knee?"

"That's what I mean," he said. "It's more interesting than jumping rope."

Shabel admits that his wife Betty and a few other faintbearted Connecticut fans have worried about the chance of a freak practice injury. But the 34-year-old coach, who served his apprenticeship as an assistant at Duke, does not bother to reassure the doubters too much. After all, this may be the only thing UConn fans will find to worry about all season.

The powerful, seasoned Huskies appear to have a lock on the conference title. Last year they tied for first with Rhode Island and lost the playoff 67-62, but four of Connecticut's starters in that final game are back and four of Rhode Island's starters—including the two leading scorers—are gone. "It should be a toss-up between the same two clubs this time around," Shabel says with a straight face.

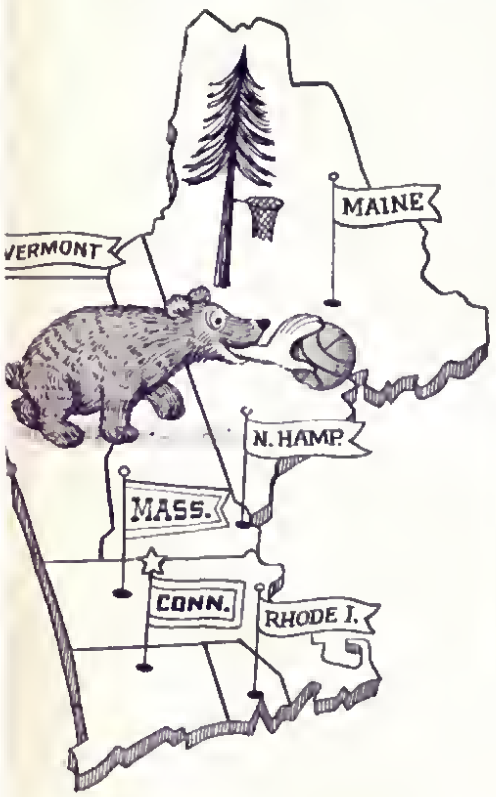
"Is he kidding?" retorts Coach Ernie Calverley of Rhode Island. "Connecticut is by far the standout in our league. We have a lot of sophomores with potential, but they'd all have to come through at once to enable us to contend with Connecticut." Rhode Island's newcomers—most of them recruited from the New York City area—will have to develop very quickly if the Rams are going to survive what Calverley calls "the toughest schedule in New England." While they warm up for conference competition, they must face Fordham, Providence, Temple and St. John's among their early opponents.

This year's Rams certainly will be different from those previously turned out by Calverley in his 10 years at Rhode Island. Ernie was an early student of Frank Keaney, who developed the racehorse style of basketball, and his teams have always been fast-breaking, accurate-shooting units. (Last year the Rams were fourth in the nation in free-throw percentage, ninth in average points per game.) "We've lost our best shooters," he said, "and we won't have as much speed. But one thing will be improved—we'll get more rebounds. Two of our most promising sophomores are Dick Coleman, 6-7, and Tom Hoyle, 6-5. Of course, we'll also have to slow down our defense. We just won't have the quickness to press like we used to."

While Calverley prepares for changes in his strategy, Shabel is pleased to be able to stand pat. His offense, based more on set plays than on the fast break, is solidly built around all-conference Guard Wes Bialosuknia, who scored an even 1,000 points in his first two varsity seasons. In between the various driving, scrambling and jumping drills of a typical Connecticut practice, Bialosuknia generally finds time to net 24 of 25 free throws and a good percentage of jump shots from all over the court. As a sophomore he was the high scorer on a team that included Toby Kimball, now a Boston Celtic. Last year he became the highest-scoring junior in the school's history. "I'll be satisfied," he says, "if we can just do as well as we did in my first year." That season the UConns were undefeated in the conference and had a 23–3 overall record.

Bill Corley, a 6-7 junior, is the team's top rebounder, and Shabel thinks he could be even better if he put on some weight. "I lugged crates around a factory all summer," reported Corley, "and I ate more than I ever did before. But I guess it's no use—I only gained five pounds. Being thin means I get banged around a lot under the boards. But I guess I should be grateful I'm quick enough to stay in one piece." Corley will get help from sophomore Billy Gray, an excellent jumper. Bialosuknia will be aided in the backcourt by Tommy Penders, a small, self-made player who has become the club leader.

Elsewhere in the conference, Massachusetts is a perennial dark horse that usually disappoints, Vermont is improving rapidly, and New Hampshire had a fine freshman team last season. Again there are signs—they appear periodically—that the rest of the league will someday contend with the consistent powers, Connecticut and Rhode Island, but not this year. "Connecticut," says Calverley, "has to be rated with Boston College and Providence as one of the three best teams in all New England."



RECORD VS. NONCONFERENCE TEAMS		
1964	WON 53	LOST 35
1965	WON 40	LOST 35
1966	WON 37	LOST 40

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TEXAS WESTERN

Having completed a chili-hot 28-1 season by beating Kentucky for the NCAA title last spring, the Texas Western Miners flew home to El Paso for an airport reception and a parade along streets lined by an estimated 120,000 ecstatic people. Coach Don Haskins was a little surprised that his players just soaked up the acclaim quietly. "You'd have expected the boys to be jubilant," Haskins said. "But they took it in stride." He should not have been surprised at all; his athletes would not get ruffled if someone put red ants in their sneakers. "The boys thought they were going to win the championship game," he admitted afterward. "They *thought* they were going to win all year long. Their confidence disturbed me, but they kept coming through." Five of his seven best players are back to disturb Haskins this season. TW has the shooters, passers, rebounders and relentless defenders to be an NCAA favorite in any non-Alcindor year. Bobby Joe Hill, who may be the quickest player on campus, is around to steal the ball, fly downcourt with it and flip in one of his wild layups. Guard Willie Worsley is several inches under 6 feet, but he can sniff. "He might one day be the greatest player I ever had," says Haskins. Back too are 6-5 Willie Cager, who shifts smoothly from guard to forward, and 6-8 Forward-Center Nevil Shed. Behind them is 6-10 sophomore Phil Harris from upstate New York, who plays well despite the loss of his right pinky and left ring finger in a childhood accident. There are even some Texans on the team, notably the glowering 6-7, 240-pound David Lattin, who shoots his awkward-looking but accurate jump shot on the way down from the top of his leap. The Miners have a stronger schedule this year, including Brigham Young, Kansas, New Mexico, Seattle, Tulsa and Wichita State, and their best shooter (Orsten Artis) and most consistent rebounder (Harry Flournoy) are gone. But their most reliable weapon remains Haskins' octopus defense, in which his men relentlessly turn all plays into the middle until the flustered opponent becomes convinced that even the public-address announcer is in there trying to claw the ball away.

HOUSTON

In a neighborhood where a man takes a bullet through the belly and lives to fight another day, the Houston basketball team is right up there in the muscle-and-guts department. Consider Ken Spain, a 6-9, 235-pound sophomore for whom Darrell Royal would have given a couple of steers. Spain chose to go to Houston and play basketball. Big as he is, he takes a pounding from the other monsters Coach Guy Lewis has assembled—Don (T-Bear) Kruse, 6-8, 235, Leary (The Tree) Lentz, 6-6, 220; Elvin (The Big E) Hayes, 6-8, 235; Melvin (The Savage) Bell, 6-7, 240. Lewis just stands there in tiny Jeppesen Gym permitting his specimens to thunder up and down the court, thrashing and intimidating each other, until the inevitable happens: somebody pulls back his arm to deliver a right hook to the jaw. Lewis blows his whistle, smiles, waits a minute and starts everything up again, meanwhile contemplating what this huge team might do to opponents. What they will do is beat them. The Cougars won 23 games last season, scoring more than 100 points 14 times and displaying, in Hayes, one of the best centers around. As a sophomore, Big E averaged 27 points and 17 rebounds and shot 56%, while often playing the fiercest defense since Bill Russell was at San Francisco. Now he has The Savage, who broke most of Big E's freshman records last year, to help him. The prospects are frightening. Houston has a play this year in which The Savage takes a pass, fires to and cuts around The Tree, who can either pass back to The Savage on one side or to Big E cutting to the other side. No one gets around The Tree, no one gets near The Savage—and Big E hasn't even got the ball yet. The backcourt is weak, though bolstered by quick Don Chaney. Still, Houston will again press all over the court, in order to force a fast break; it is the best offensive weapon available, because there are no good outside shooters. With a string of cream puffs on the schedule, it is possible that the Cougars will not lose a regular-season game. It is also conceivable that one night, after watching Houston warm up, some opponents will refuse to take off their sweat suits.

BOSTON COLLEGE

There was a time in Buffalo when Bob Cousy sat on the bench and watched another humiliation of his Boston College team, this time the bad Eagles being run off the court by a bad Canisius team. Two observers way up in the gray section nodded at each other, acknowledging their own sagacity. "Look at that," said one. "They're miserable now. But give that guy three years, he'll have the whole country playing for him, and then look out." It is now 1966, Boston College has given Cousy three years, and look out. He does not have *the* whole country, but he has collected a fair share of the eastern good ones—this is his first personally recruited group—and with a schedule that is not going to tax anybody too often, BC should be high in the polls all season. Cousy lost high-scoring Guard John Austin, but this may not hurt as much as it will help. Too many times last year the offensive movement was at the discretion of Austin, and he was not the type to master the situation. This season the man to do it has arrived. After a few games of watching and learning, 5-11 left-handed sophomore Bill Evans, a Cousy type if ever there was one, will move in and direct the tandem offense. This strategy places two men on either side of the lane under the basket and is designed to take advantage of the considerable shooting skills of Steve Adelman, 6-5, who came on remarkably fast as a sophomore last year and averaged more than 30 points a game in the last third of the season. Veterans Willie Wolters and Jim Kissane, both 6-8, and another fine sophomore, Jerry Driscoll, 6-7, complete a strong forecourt. Jack Kvancz and Steve Kelleher are backcourt veterans, while Doug Hice, 6-2, is a valuable swing man. Cousy is understandably worried about defense and spends an exceptional amount of practice time on it. A bigger question is: After more than a decade in the pros, has he really adapted fully to the differences of the college game? "It has been tough," he says. "But I am *continued*

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learning more and more. At first I was inflexible, maybe unaware of the limitations of college players. But now I think I am adapting to situations much better. Everything is coming easier."

LA SALLE

Two years ago, at the Dapper Dan tournament in Pittsburgh, where Pennsylvania takes on the world in high school basketball, Isiah King, up from New Orleans, Bernie Williams, up from Washington, and Larry Cannon, over from Philadelphia, met and became fast friends. The three held off the college bird dogs and decided they would go to school together. They played, in effect, blindman's bluff. "First man decides, we all go there," they agreed. Isiah was first. He decided on La Salle in Philadelphia, which was square with Bernie because he has friends and relatives there and square with Larry because he lives there. Of such friendships and pacts are basketball championship dreams made. Everything was square, in fact, as the three led the La Salle frosh to almost as marvelous a season as that other freshman team out on the Coast. But—trouble in paradise—in the classroom Isiah was last. He did not make his grades and had to leave. A good thing Bernie and Larry did not extend the pact *that* far. They are back, and they are something. In practice 6-3 Bernie goes one-on-one up and down the court against La Salle's prolific shooter, 6-foot Hubie Marshall. Bernie sways and feints with a waist-high dribble that he protects beautifully with his body, and he is going to be a superstar. Marshall, who averaged 27 points last year, is simply a star. Cannon, a strong 6-5, jumps out of buildings. He works against 6-4 George Paull, a returning senior who would be La Salle's top forward were it not for Cannon. Stan Wlodarczyk, 6-6, is the third new starter, and 6-5 Joe Markmann, 6-8 Fran Scott and 5-6 Curt Marshall (Hubie's brother) are all sophomores who have made the squad. "I don't really like to get too optimistic, because I could get hung," says Coach Joe Heyer, a sophomore at his job, too, "but I don't feel there is much coaching to do." Heyer is obviously the most important of the second-year men. He is 28, looks like the kid in the Vitalis commercial—the one who *uses* greasy kid stuff—and is a member of Philadelphia's swinging, bachelor-but-looking-hard set. His debut last season was remarkable. He took over the day before the season started when Bob Walters was stricken with ulcers and, along with teaching high school, finishing up a master's degree and coaching both the freshmen and the varsity, put together a disciplined group that upset Brigham Young, Temple and Louisville. There will be no element of surprise this year, however. "We'll start pressing from the whistle, full-court," he says. "We're going to take it to 'em this year."

ST. JOHN'S

About 20 yards off the Union Turnpike, which carries the madding—and maddening—crowds home from Manhattan to Long Island every evening, is the Alumni Hall gym of St. John's University. St. John's is one of very few schools which recruit basketball players solely in their own areas, and it is justly proud of the percentage of good ones it gets. "But I am a bit tired of explaining about the one we didn't get," says Coach Lou Carnesecca. Everybody keeps asking Lou about this because the one he didn't get is Lew Alcindor, who used to play around in Alumni Hall. "We never had a shot," is the explanation of officials. "It's a shame for us and for all of eastern basketball," is the invariable following statement. Carnesecca does have two of Alcindor's former teammates and he would, presumably, make the trade. But do not cry for him. The Redmen have the material to rough up quite a few teams. The name Sonny Dove sounds like some kind of hand lotion, but Sonny is 6-8, 195 pounds, and was one of the better big men in the country last year when he averaged 21 points. Returning also are 6-7, 215-pound Rudy Bogad and 6-4 Jack Brunner up front and Guards Brian Hill and Albie Swartz. However, St. John's will have to counter the loss of Bob McIntyre and Bob Duerr as scorers with two sophomores and wait patiently for a third to develop. On one of his rare outside forays for talent, Carnesecca stole Carmine Calzonetti out from under the Philadelphia scouts in south Jersey. Carmine is 6-1, quick, a fine ball handler, shooter and defender and will be worked in slowly. But John Warren, 6-3, who led the frosh with a 20-point average, will probably be thrown in to sink or swim right away. His leaping ability alone should enable him to swim. A third soph, 6-9, 220-pound Danny Cornelius, has unlimited potential, but he is only 18 years old and lacks finesse. If Danny develops more quickly than expected, the St. John's forecourt of Sonny, Rudy and Danny will be able to play the Green Bay Packers even up. And those commuters will forget about the one that got away.

As often happens, the two teams that met for the NCAA championship last year were surprises to many. But, somehow, Texas Western and Kentucky got there. An odd call, a flu bug, one poor grade—all these change preseason form as much as the unexpected flowering of young talent. And there will be surprises this year, undoubtedly. In the East, Providence has the best one-on-one guard and the area's most exciting player, 6-3 Jim Walker, but it will be a minor miracle if Walker carries the team to a national title. Miami of Florida has four starters returning including quick Guards Junior Gee and Rick Jones, and adds Villanova transfer Billy Soens. Dayton and Loyola, perennially strong, may be among the elite in the Midwest. Both teams have lost centers—6-11 Henry Finkel and 6-5 Billy Smith—but the Flyers have brawny Donnie May, who outrebounded Finkel, and everyone else back. Peripatetic Creighton is a sleeper. In the West, Weber State is the class of the Big Sky Conference, and two independents will sneak up on a lot of people. Seattle, tall, swift and deep, handed Texas Western its only loss last season, and is the same team except for Elzie Johnson, lost through bad grades. And at Logan, Utah, the Aggies of Utah State have three junior college transfers, 7-foot Larry Bunce, 6-6 Shaler Halimon and 6-4 Fred (Luckie) Smith, to bring them back to national prominence.



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THE NIGHTMARE: HOW TO STOP THE GOOD BIG MAN

BY MERVIN HYMAN

"Basketball is one sport," says Jack Gardner of Utah in the Heisman Trophy of understatements, "where the tall man has found a place." The place is usually right under the basket, and the big guy has the ball—which is what haunts Gardner and his colleagues who have to cope with the problem.

All the thinking on the subject ultimately leads to two risky alternatives. In the first, as Temple's Harry Litwack puts it, "you play him honestly—and you know he's going to get his 30 or 40 points." In other words, pretend the big guy is just another player on the opposition's roster. This is an excellent gambit if you have Bill Russell on *your* roster. Harry never has had Russell, so he knows this approach would cost him a pile of points. There are so many giants scattered around campuses these days, however, that many coaches are tempted to try the "honest" bit. What stops them is that *their* giant is seven feet of nonathletic gristle and the other team's is Lew Alcindor or someone nearly as good. So the first alternative—play him honestly—in most instances amounts to suicide.

The second is the one that affords coaches the opportunity to make X's and circles all over note pads, shirt cuffs, tablecloths and the blackboards of their dreams. A very few scorn this opportunity—phooey on collapsing zones and sagging *mano a manos*—preferring not to burden their young men with best-laid plans that tend to go the way Robert Burns asserted they do. "I tell my kids," says Paul Valenti of Oregon State, "not to worry too much about being organized. Just get in there and get around the big fellow, and if he gets that ball, make sure he has to throw it back out." This swarm-of-bees technique will stop the big man every time—from setting a scoring record, that is. But only rarely will it stop his team from winning—which is the idea. Abe Lemons, the Oklahoma City philosopher, describes the tactic and its failing in his own style. "I'm smart enough to handle any big man there is," says Abe. "I put one man in front of him, one in back, one on one side and one on the other, and then I tell the four of them to follow him around all night. Then me and the guy I got left, we can just sit back and watch those four other squirrels shoot us to death."

The trick, then, is to lay plans that do not attempt the impossible but have a reasonable chance for success, that try to cut off the big man from the ball, that isolate him from his teammates, that disrupt his team's normal patterns of behavior. Then you hope for the best. Fred Taylor of Ohio State explains the danger of expecting too much. "Look, if you're talking about a big man with Alcindor's capabilities," he says, "forget it. He is going to force you to go for a gimmicked-up game, and you just don't win consistently with gimmicks. But you *can* try for a one-shot deal—say, maybe for a half—in hopes that you'll cause momentary offensive problems and maybe promote a little confusion that will give you time to make nuisance changes. Then just pray that the game doesn't last too long."

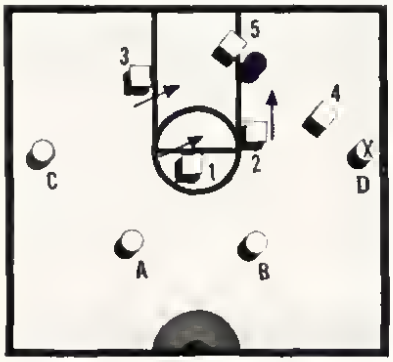
"You have to use all sorts of tricks—stalls, sagging defenses and whatever else you can dream up," says John Benington of Michigan State. "Most teams will play some kind of a control game, something to lure the big man away from the basket. Then, whenever he turns around, somebody will fall down and look for the foul." The last move is not exactly cricket, of course, and it does not work very often either.

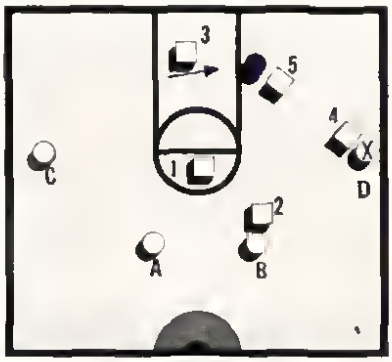
As Benington indicates, containing the big man is not just a matter of setting up an effective half-court defense. How a rival team plays on offense, the tempo it sets, often has considerable effect on how the giant's team plays its offense. Dave Strack of Michigan calls this "defensing the big man offensively." Bob Boyd, whose Southern California Trojans are the lucky devils who get first crack at Alcindor this Saturday, will not tip his hand, but he does hint at employing this strategy. "You have a chance if you throw the extreme game

continued

TWO MAN-TO-MAN APPROACHES

Michigan State's John Benington employs either a sagging or a pressure strategy. In the first (*below left*), Benington's center (5) is stationed behind his opponent, and his teammates play their men loosely to block the passing lanes into the pivot. The man with the ball (D) then is faced with the problem of trying to pass through a crowd. If he gets the ball to the big man, the defensive guards (1 and 2) and the weak-side forward (3) immediately collapse (*arrows*) on the giant, trying to prevent a shot or force a held ball. Using pressure (*right*), Benington puts his center (5) in front of the big man, with the weak-side forward (3) in position to help out from behind. The other forward (4) plays the man with the ball tightly, while the guard (2) is on top of his opponent. By putting pressure both on the ball and the offensive player closest to it, the defense discourages the easy pass and the outside shot. But, as Benington points out, "the offense will not stand still. The defense must adjust constantly from these planned positions."





at them," he says. "Like maybe a blazing fast break. Then, if that fails, immediately become control-conscious and go into a virtual stall."

Once the big man's team gets the ball and brings it to mid-court, however, choosing a suitable defense becomes imperative. In the likely event that the guards have brought the ball that far and the big fellow is in the post, one choice is similar to football's tactic of rushing the passer. "We want to put tremendous pressure on those guards from the moment they get past mid-court," says Kentucky's Adolph Rupp. "We want to keep them so busy they can't set up the tall guy."

"If he normally gets the ball in the pivot 50 or 60 times in a game," says Syracuse's Fred Lewis, "we try to cut that in half. Harass the guards, work on them all the time, don't let up on them." Agreeing with all this, Michigan's Dave Strack brings up the special case that stumps everyone. "Of course," he says, "if it's Alcindor, he's so agile that he's capable of bringing the ball up himself and taking it right into the pivot without any help. What do you do then?" The best answer may be to fall back and at least avoid the three-point play.

Putting pressure on the big man inside by double-teaming him leaves the defense vulnerable at some point on the floor or at some stage in its movements. But the offensive team must be smart enough to spot the weakness and quick enough to attack it before the defenders adjust and cover up. This situation often leads to the kind of thrust-and-parry action that keeps spectators out of their seats and drives coaches out of their minds.

It can also bring the happiest of results for the defense, as it did when North Carolina met Kansas and Wilt Chamberlain in the NCAA finals in 1957. Carolina's Frank McGuire stationed the Tar Heels' biggest man, 6-foot-8 Joe Quigg, behind Wilt and put 6-foot-5 Lenny Rosenbluth directly in front of him in a 2-1-2 zone. Kansas kept trying to get the ball in to Wilt and played directly into North Carolina's hands by stubbornly refusing to shoot from outside. Chamberlain was able to make only six shots and North Carolina won the title in triple overtime.

Conceding that the big man is going to get the ball on occasion, the defense should try to keep him from getting the ball where he *wants* it. "You just can't give him his normal number of shots from his favorite spot," Henry Iba of Oklahoma A&M says. "I've never seen a big man who didn't have a pet spot from which he liked to operate and you've got to move him out of it. You mass on him in that area. It means you have to take one of your players off the weakest offensive man. Sometimes that's hard to do, and if it doesn't work, you press at mid-court. If this is executed properly it will force him a step or two away from his preferred place."

The full-court press can have a similar effect. In addition, by harassing the guards, as DePaul's Ray Meyer says, "it stretches out the opponent's offense." Thus the game is turned more to the horizontal than the vertical plane, taking away some of the advantage of height. The press also forces longer passes that offer greater chance of interception, and when one occurs, the big man is usually far down the court, out of the play.

When coaches decide to double up on the tall threat, they favor some variation of a zone defense. The zone provides an automatic double-team, and has the added advantage of preserving position, so that the big man is more easily blocked out on rebounds (*diagrams opposite*). Sagging or sloughing off in a man-to-man defense does not assure that position.

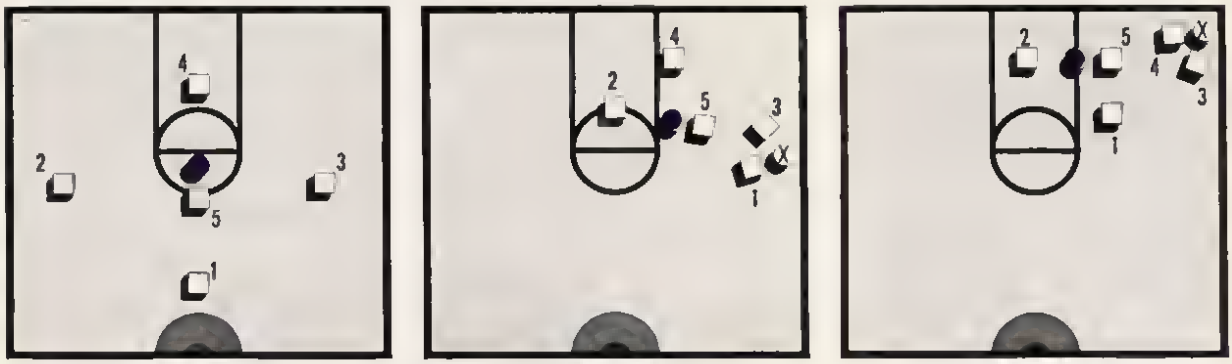
The 1-3-1 seems to be the most popular big-man zone now. Even Frank McGuire, now at South Carolina, whose 2-1-2 cut off Chamberlain, opts for the 1-3-1. "Either that," he says, "or we'll use a sloughing defense in which we play the ball tight and drop off a man without the ball to play in front of the low post man."

Adolph Rupp uses much the same ploy, though he prefers words like "trap" or "helping" defense instead of zone. "What we do," the Baron explains, "is compel the offense to pass in four lanes and then we try to anticipate where the ball will go. We put our center between the man with the ball and the basket, so that the attacking team has to pass over him. We also float the opposite-side defensive man into an area where he can help out on the pivotman."

"I'm not a zone-defense man," Bob Boyd emphasizes, "but against a big guy there's a need for a bastard-type

THE TENNESSEE 'QUICKSAND' DEFENSE

Coach Ray Mears never fails to throw tough defensive alignments at his rivals, regardless of the talent available to him. He used this one last year on Vanderbilt's All-America center, Clyde Lee, and it forced Lee outside, held him to only eight shots at the basket and one field goal. The "quicksand" is actually, a 1-3-1 half-court trap defense that starts from the conventional setup (*below left*), with the best defensive rebounder (5) at the top of the foul circle. This defender always plays in front of the opponents' big man. As the ball goes to the side (*center*), the wingman (3) and point man (1) double-team the receiver. This pressure on the ball, plus No. 5's fronting position, makes it impossible for anything but a lob pass to reach the big man. If it does reach him, he will be double-teamed immediately, No. 4 joining No. 5. If the ball does not go in, No. 4 and No. 2 hold to their assignments of guarding the right side and the foul lane. When the ball goes deep into the corner (*right*) and the big man sinks into a low post. No. 5 moves with him, and No. 2 is the rear guard. To maintain pressure on the ball, No. 4 hustles over to join No. 3. The offensive team's chances of escaping the trap or getting off a short, accurate pass are diminished in proportion to the speed of the defenders. The quicksand, like most zone variations, is vulnerable to good outside shooting, but some risk is unavoidable in this kind of defense. And if the defenders are alert, they will force lob passes even to outside men, and these are the most susceptible to interception.



defense. One way is the 1-3-1. But you need a real quick point man, two forwards who can sag right and left to help out and protect the flank—and yet be quick enough to board the ball. And you need a middle man who has the bulk and size to be able to front that 7-footer and front him well. The back man has an impossible task. He has to play directly behind the monster, and he also must have the quickness, tenacity and the drive to guard the baseline against the corner jump. Whenever that ball rotates, you hope you can maintain the 1-3-1. If it breaks down—Katie bar the door."

Though it sounds silly, or even suicidal, there are still a number of coaches who like to play man-for-man against the giants One who does, and whose teams often did a creditable job on Chamberlain, is Kansas State's Tex Winter. "Most of the time," Winter says, "I'll play him one-on-one and forget about what he scores. Sometimes, you know, a big scoring splurge by one guy may even help you by detracting from the other players' performances. It can distract them from their offensive jobs. They'll start going for the basket and keep looking for that big man, trying to force the ball to him."

Joe Mullaney of Providence, who lost one of the country's best big men, Dexter Westbrook, because of poor grades, believes the problem has been overemphasized. "The value of having a 6-foot-10 player has been lessened," Mullaney says, "because of the contact permitted by the rules. In the old days you barely touched a man and—bing, it was a foul. Now a smaller man can play a bigger man. He can get away with much more contact."

What little consolation that offers on defense is more than offset, many believe, by the increasing difficulty teams encounter when they take the offense against a big man. Following Russell's inspired lead, even the least agile of the giants has learned how to block shots. A coach has to combat the fear of such occurrences, as well as the blocks themselves. "You just can't permit that big fellow to intimidate your players," says California's Athletic Director Pete Newell, who coached the Bears to a national title in 1959. "It can take three or four games for a player to get over having his shots blocked. You have to work hard at screening the big man out and keeping him on the opposite side from where the shot is being taken."

And if there is disagreement about how to beat the big man there is just as much argument about how to treat him. "You never want to make him mad," Newell advises. "If you rough him up—kick him, claw him, elbow him, grab at his pants—he will react by playing harder against you. When we played Wilt we went out of our way to pat him on the back, congratulate him on a good play and just generally try to keep him happy and contented. You know, that made him purr like a big cat, and he never really hurt us much."

George Ireland of Loyola, another coach of a national championship team, takes exactly the opposite tack. "Let's face it," Ireland says flatly, "you have to muscle the hell out of a big man." Some coaches think you should chat with the big man, distract him with idle conversation. Others feel the silent treatment will upset him. Red Auerbach suggests sympathizing with the big fellow's teammates, hinting that they must be tired of their roles as spear carriers in a one-man show. Take your pick. END

Last March surgeons operated on the arm of famed Spanish Matador **El Cordobés,** and after painful exercises he recovered well enough to appear in bullrings this summer. But two weeks ago El Cordobés fell while water skiing in Mexico, seriously damaging his right arm again. This week he will have to undergo a second operation. "I am extremely concerned," said the most popular bullfighter in the world. "The arm was never right after the last operation. This time may be once too many."

"They were obviously very much in love," said **Prince Philip** of two hawks he photographed (*below*) while on a trip to the Galápagos Islands. The picture was one of 70 taken by the royal cameraman which were exhibited in a Piccadilly art gallery for the benefit of the World Wildlife Fund. Photographs (most of them studies of seldom-seen birds like boobies and noddies) signed "Philip" were sold for $60, while unsigned prints went for $20. In the exhibition brochure, Philip wrote: "May I say that, like a jumble sale, the only merit in this show is the cause and not the pictures on display." But the London *Sun* published a critique of the pictures anyhow. It was entitled "Why the Prince might well be advised to leave it to his brother-in-law." Proceeds from the three-week exhibition are expected to total $4,500. Not bad for an amateur.

Tecumseh Deerfoot Cook, chief of the Pamunkey Indians of Virginia, drove up to the State House in Richmond last week and dragged a nine-point buck from the trunk of the 1967 Chevy. He was delivering his tribe's Thanksgiving tribute in lieu of taxes to Governor **Mills E. Godwin Jr.** When Deerfoot thumped out a formal Pamunkey hello on a tom-tom, Governor Godwin asked him to perform a tribal dance. Deerfoot declined. He explained that he had a sore foot.

The Baltimore Colts' 275-pound All-Star Lineman **Jim Parker** didn't come up with the key tackle a few nights ago. But he pursued. When he saw a youth knock down a woman pedestrian and grab her tote bag and purse, Parker jumped out of his car and gave chase. He was quickly outdistanced by the scatback thug (about 5 feet 7 and 165 pounds, according to witnesses), but he forced a fumble, and at least the lady got her purse back.

Most mornings this autumn **Brigitte Bardot** has been driven by her chauffeur the mile from her home in Passy to the Bois de Boulogne. There she takes a mini-bicycle from the trunk of her silver Rolls-Royce and pedals (*right*) through the woods for an hour's exercise. The car idles along behind her, and when Brigitte has had enough, she packs away her bike and Rolls home.

Meanwhile another famous cycle enthusiast, 80-year-old Boston Heart Specialist **Paul Dudley White,** has recommended that an exercise bicycle be installed as standard equipment on transcontinental flights. The pilot, crew and passengers would take turns using it while airborne. Dr. White, who has been trying for years to get the nation to follow his example and exercise regularly, says that long periods of sitting can cause blood clots to form.

On his recent tour of New Zealand, **Arnold Palmer** stopped a night at Dunedin's Wains Hotel, where a onetime Rumanian national soccer player, Jimmy Nicolau, triples as porter, valet and wine steward. Palmer became fascinated with the many trades of Jimmy and learned he has a brother who is assistant comptroller for a macaroni company in Buffalo. When Palmer was leaving Dunedin, Nicolau produced two color photographs of his family and asked Arnold if he would please deliver the pictures to his brother personally. Arnold said sure. The other day, as good as his word, the millionaire messenger boy landed at Buffalo International Airport in his $750,000 twin jet and chatted with Arghir Nicolau for an hour. They talked mostly about Jimmy, not golf, a game Arghir has never played. Palmer handed over the pictures and was given a box of Gioia macaroni by the grateful Arghir.

The newest recruit on Naples' Azzuri soccer team is **Sophia Loren,** who has been appointed the club's "godmother." When Sophia showed up to root for her boys at a match in Marino, Italy, she was decorated by the Neapolitans with their team medal. Then, with a helicopter flying support for Sophia's side by showering the field with pro-divorce leaflets, Azzuri defeated Castelli Romani 3–2. Sophia celebrated by having the team home for dinner at her villa.

So confident was **Franz Josef Strauss,** head of Germany's Christian Socialists, of his party's victory in last week's Bavarian elections that he went off to shoot hares in the woods near Eggenfelden and voted by absentee ballot. He bagged his quarry and 110 seats, enough to give him a majority in the Landtag. Says Strauss of his frequent hunting expeditions, "They get the alcohol and nicotine and political foolishness out of your system."





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A woodsman's chop cuts through an impossible lie



Last summer, during the British Open, Phil Rodgers taught me a unique sand shot, one that I did not have to use, I hasten to add, when I beat Phil for the championship in the final round. The situation occurs when the ball is in the sand very near the back bank of the bunker, and the bunker wall is so steep that you cannot draw the club back in the normal fashion.

I tried this shot a hundred different ways before Rodgers solved it for me. There is no problem setting your feet, so assume your normal trap-shot stance. Now just pick the club straight up, breaking your arms just as you would if you were picking up an ax to chop a piece of wood. Then hit down about two inches behind the ball with some extremely strong right-hand action. There cannot be any follow-through at all, because the club head must bury itself in the sand. The arc of the shot is up and down, not back and forth. You may look like a woodcutter, but the result is gratifying.

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The club is lifted straight up, with the left elbow bending sharply, and then slammed deep into sand behind ball.

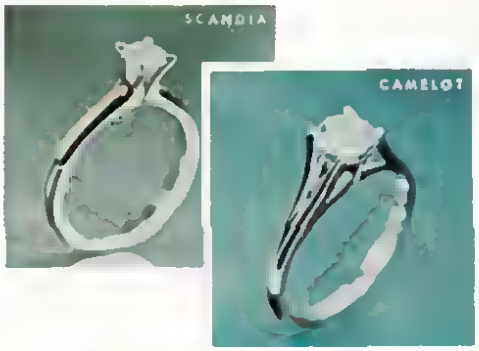
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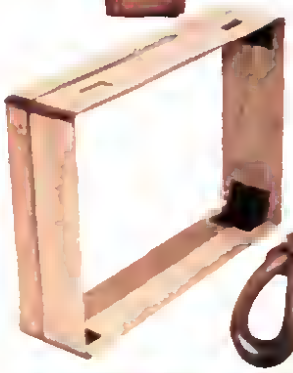
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A bitter harvest for the Sugar-bound Huskers

In the last big week of the season Notre Dame bounced back to make a strong claim to be the nation's No. 1 team, even as Alabama's Bear Bryant was putting in a pitch on behalf of his unbeaten Southern powerhouse. The Southwest Conference, after a year of upsets, finally got a clear-cut champion in SMU, but anxious bowl promoters had no such luck. Three of their chosen teams went down in defeat, with Nebraska's superstitious Cornhuskers (below) making the loudest crash of all

The question of which teams would meet in the Sugar Bowl Jan. 2 was about as hush-hush a topic as Lyndon Johnson's hernia-scar operation. Even the Bohemian farmers near the Platte River and the slaughterhouse workers in Omaha knew last week that Nebraska had been invited. The beloved Cornhuskers had gone through nine straight games without a loss or tie (sorry, Ara), they had clinched the Big Eight championship, and the Sugar was the only major bowl left unprogrammed. Still Coach Bob Devaney, an impish Irishman, kept mum until his weekly Extra Point Club luncheon in Lincoln. In a crowded banquet room he accepted the formal invitation from a Sugar Bowl emissary and got on the phone (hooked up to a loudspeaker) with officials of New Orleans' Mid-Winter Sports Association, who told him, just as if the newspapers had not been assuming it for days, that undefeated, untied Alabama also had accepted a bid. Devaney hesitated a moment and then said, "I was afraid of that."

He was joshing, of course, just as he had been earlier when he said the opponent would be the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Nebraska's Big Red was anxious to play Alabama and avenge the 39-28 loss to the Crimson Tide in last season's Orange Bowl. Both teams had strutted into that game unbeaten, but Alabama came out with the victory and the national title. So the Jan. 2 rematch was a natural.

Nebraska again was cutting down opponents like a row of cornstalks. In the romp over Utah State, Safety Larry Wachholtz, only 5 feet 8 and 166 pounds, returned a punt 73 yards for a touchdown, intercepted two passes and kicked a 39-yard field goal. All-America Middle Guard Wayne Meylan blocked punts against Wisconsin and Kansas State and turned them both into touchdowns. At Colorado, Nebraska trailed 19-7 at half time, but fought back to win 21-19. After Missouri was harvested 35-0, Coach Dan Devine said, "I never saw a team with so many big, strong running backs."

No wonder the president of the Mid-Winter Sports Association said, "Without Nebraska we don't have a good intersectional. The people in New Orleans want to see Nebraska in the worst way."

But before the Big Red could start plotting against Alabama, there was one more regular-season chore, the matter of a Thanksgiving Day game down in Norman against Oklahoma. There, before about 6½ million homes tuned in on TV, fourth-ranked Nebraska lost by one frustrating point to a team that was only No. 4 in the Big Eight—and a little sweetness went out of the Sugar Bowl.

Not that Nebraska coaches, players or fans had overlooked Oklahoma. All remembered the agony two years ago, when the Huskers were undefeated fat cats and already selected for the Cotton Bowl. A stopover in Norman resulted in a 17-7 defeat. Also, there were those millions of turkey-stuffed people to impress, not to mention voters in the polls. "It's the 10th game, and we've won nine already," said Meylan. "If we don't win this one it isn't a good season. I don't think anybody is looking beyond to the Sugar Bowl."

Meylan is one of the players who was most respected in advance by Oklahoma. He went into the game with 35 unassisted tackles, 36 assisted tackles and three blocked punts. It was too bad there were no statistics for havoc wreaked.

"The fact that Meylan is so good at so many things presents special problems," said Sooner Center Bob Craig. "For one thing, he has big, strong arms and can throw you around. He also has exceptional movement for his size. . . . You don't try to horse him out of there."

Meylan, 6 feet 1, 237 pounds, grew up on his father's navy-bean farm outside Bay City, Mich. And it was there, lifting weights under a tree, throwing fertilizer sacks around and hoeing in the bean fields day after day, that he developed his blacksmith's arms. Last year he could hardly wait for the Thanksgiving Day game to be over so that he could get home to the farm. His father had bought a new tractor, and to Wayne it had twice the allure that a diamond-studded Ferrari would have for almost anybody else. Meylan had another exciting trip planned after this year's Oklahoma game. One of the selectors of All-America teams was flying him back to New York City, his first visit there. He was not worried about meeting muggers—he happens to be Nebraska's intramural heavyweight wrestling champ.

continued

For Oklahoma, the scary thing about Meylan was that he might not be the best of Devaney's linemen. Offensive Tackle Bob Pickens, 274 pounds, could block a threshing machine and was an Olympic wrestler in 1964. Defensive Tackle Carel Stith has made more tackles than Meylan, and Offensive Guard LaVerne Allers is just as talented.

Skill and brawn, however, were not left to do everything by Nebraska; superstition has its semiserious place. The football coaches were careful to repeat previously successful rituals. Two nights before the game—it had to be two—Devaney and several of his assistants met with friends at the Elks Club in Lincoln to consume chicken-liver hors d'oeuvres. Later, with their wives, they met in Line Coach George Kelly's basement for cocktails, turkey and ham sandwiches and pumpkin-cream pie. Nor was the lucky-penny board neglected. The first lucky penny was found before a 1962 victory, and there had been 31 pennies since, plus some dimes and a brass button, all now taped to a piece of cardboard and taken to all games. The night before the Oklahoma game a member of the Nebraska staff found a battered penny in the hotel parking lot.

Oklahoma had no good-luck charms to speak of, but it did have the lean, mean look of a half-starved guerrilla band. Coach Jim Mackenzie worked his players so hard last spring that collectively they lost 1,437 pounds in seven weeks, and no one quit or died of malnutrition. The skinny Sooners started with four straight victories, but Notre Dame took them apart in the fifth game 38–0. Still, Mackenzie said, they worked themselves like galley slaves in practice the following week. And they labored just as hard after close, deflating losses to Colorado and Missouri.

On Thanksgiving afternoon the stands were full of Nebraskans who had forsaken TV and turkey and traveled 450 miles to witness the hoped-for 10th straight win. They were decked out in red hats, red socks, red dresses and red everything else, including red faces after the first play of the game. Oklahoma's Eddie Hinton returned the kickoff 59 yards, but a fumble on the second play from scrimmage killed that threat. Early in the second quarter Nebraska ended a drive from its own nine with a 28-yard Larry Wachholtz field goal that just dribbled over the crossbar. Then it was Oklahoma's turn. The Sooners went ahead 7–3 on a 48-yard touchdown pass from Bob Warmack to Hinton, who made a fine leaping catch, and Mike Vachon's extra-point kick. Throughout, Oklahoma's offensive linemen were rudely rejecting the attempts of Wayne Meylan (or anyone else) to get into their backfield. Often they were double-teaming Meylan.

Nebraska finally put together a complete drive in the third quarter, moving 80 yards in 13 plays for a touchdown, but a bad pass from center enabled Sooner Bob Stephenson to block Wachholtz' extra-point try. Nebraska 9, Oklahoma 7. An Oklahoma field goal would win the game. The team got close enough early in the fourth period, but Mike Vachon's 23-yard boot was wide to the left, and he went back to the sideline looking for a suicide pistol. Coach Mackenzie told him, "Forget it! We'll give you another chance."

Mackenzie was almost wrong, but, on a gutty drive from their own 24, the Sooners took the ball deep into Nebraska territory. Three times on the drive they faced long yardage on third down, and three times they made it. With 48 seconds left Vachon got his other chance. His aim was true this time. He kicked the ball through the goalposts from the 11-yard line. The Okies led 10–9. As it had done so often this season, Nebraska came straight back upfield, but the drive, like three others this day, ended ignominiously, this time with an interception. The loss was the third in three tries against three different coaches for Bob Devaney's teams at Norman.

Among Oklahomans, after the upset, there was happy chatter about a possible postseason excursion of their own. It is not to be, unfortunately, and there is still Oklahoma State to play. But Mackenzie was not thinking of other games. "Fifty-four million people watchin' this one," he said, "and it's gettin' near recruitin' time."

In the Cornhusker dressing room a disappointed New Orleans representative insisted, "As far as I'm concerned, they're still Big Eight champions, and they'll be received as well as ever." He gave Devaney a Sugar Bowl invitation engraved in metal and mounted on polished wood. The original idea was to make the presentation before a joyous, and undefeated, Nebraska squad. But as their coach accepted the plaque, the tired, gloomy athletes did not even look around.

—JOE JARES



EDDIE HINTON NABS TOUCHDOWN PASS



. . . AND NEBRASKA'S DEVANEY WINCES

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE WEST 1. UCLA (9–1) 2. WYOMING (9–1) 3. USC (7–3)

Fighting NOTRE DAME, minus Quarterback Terry Hanratty, Halfbacks Rocky Bleier and Bob Gladieux and Center George Goeddeke, all injured, was determined to prove it was indeed No. 1, even without them. The Irish lit into unlucky USC with such force it was hard to see how they could have been any better. Coley O'Brien, Hanratty's stand-in, threw passes, long and short, all over Memorial Coliseum. End Jim Seymour caught 11 —two for touchdowns—and Nick Eddy and Larry Conjar pounded through the shocked Trojans. The net result: 255 yards passing, 206 rushing, 31 first downs and a 51–0 win for Notre Dame. It was time for reflection by Coach Ara Parseghian, and he observed, "This is by far the best team I've ever had. Our defensive unit is the best I've seen. I think we demonstrated we're No. 1." If there were some dissenters, USC's Johnny McKay was not among them. He said, "That's the best college team I've *ever* seen."

Arizona's Mark Reed threw 20 completions, good for 289 yards and two touchdowns, but ARIZONA STATE, behind 17–13, came back in the closing minutes as John Goodman passed 19 yards to Les Plummer to win the game 20–17. The Sun Devils ended in a tie with BRIGHAM YOUNG and Utah for second in the Western AC. The Cougars, meanwhile, humbled Pacific 38–0, with John Ogden running for 204 yards and three scores and Virgil Carter, who had 367 yards in total offense, passing for three touchdowns to tie Babe Parilli's NCAA career record of 50.

COLORADO STATE, plumping for recognition by the WAC, finished off its best season since 1955 in style. Led by Jim Oliver's three touchdowns and Oscar Reed's slick runs, the Rams pounded Iowa State 34–10 for a 7–3 record.

THE SOUTH 1. ALABAMA (9–0) 2. GEORGIA (9–1) 3. GEORGIA TECH (9–1)

ALABAMA had just finished taking apart tough Southern Mississippi, the nation's No. 1 team in total defense, and Coach Bear Bryant had polls on his mind. "I just wish the players and I knew what the people who vote want," said Bryant wistfully. "Back in September we were voted No. 1 in the preseason poll, and we thought that meant they expected us to win. Well, we've been winning. No team had ever beaten Tennessee, Mississippi and LSU in the same year. Well, we did. If the voters want something besides winning, we'll try and do it." With one game to go against Auburn, and then Nebraska in the Sugar Bowl, the Tide may still find a way to satisfy the voters.

GEORGIA was thinking about the pollsters, too, after it spoiled Georgia Tech's unbeaten season, 23–14. All year long Coach Vince Dooley's combative Dogs had been getting themselves into a snarling mood for their old rivals. Led by Tackles George Patton and Bill Stanfill, the defense went after Quarterback Kim King and he never got untracked. Kent Lawrence, a 9.5 sprinter, scored on a 71-yard punt return, Brad Johnson smashed over from the two and Bobby Etter kicked three field goals.

Everybody agreed that MIAMI's Bill Miller, who had been an in-and-outer earlier in the season, was no Steve Spurrier. But, almost before Florida knew it, Miller had run and passed the Hurricanes into a 21–3 lead. Then Heisman Trophy winner Spurrier began getting away from the rough Miami defense. He completed 26 of 49 passes for 227 yards and a touchdown, Flanker Richard Trapp caught 11 for 150 yards (setting three SEC records), but still the Gators lost 21–16. "We were just outmuseled," said Florida's Ray Graves. Even worse, that gave the Orange Bowl two losers—Florida and Georgia Tech.

But other bowl-bound teams reacted more favorably. TENNESSEE, in the Gator Bowl with Syracuse, pounded Vanderbilt 28–0, while MISSISSIPPI, headed for the Bluebonnet, whipped Mississippi State 24–0, and FLORIDA STATE, named to play Wyoming in the Sun Bowl, outscored Maryland 45–21. VIRGINIA TECH, anxious to impress any bowl promoter anywhere, poured it on VMI 70–12 as Tailback Tommy Francisco scored six touchdowns. The Liberty Bowl responded, picking Tech to play Miami.

Clemson's Frank Howard was in a crowing mood after Quarterback Jimmy Addison had led his team to a 35–10 victory over South Carolina to give the Tigers the ACC championship. "You don't feel this good every day," he observed. "I been coaching here for 37 years and got 151 victories. That other fellow [Paul Dietzel] got one win, so how come he makes more than I do?"

VIRGINIA sent North Carolina Coach Jim Hickey packing. Soon after Halfback Frank Quayle had run over the Tar Heels for three touchdowns in a 21–14 victory, Hickey revealed the worst-kept secret in Carolina. He is quitting to become athletic director at Connecticut.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. SMU (8–2) 2. ARKANSAS (8–2) 3. HOUSTON (7–2)

For the first time in eight years Arkansas or Texas will not represent the Southwest Conference in the Cotton Bowl. SMU, chosen by almost no one in the preseason, won that right by battering poor TCU 21–0. On four occasions during the season the Mustangs had pulled out victories in the last 30 seconds, but TCU was easy. Jerry Levias came up with his usual "clutch play" early, fingertipping a 68-yard touchdown pass from Quarterback Mac White in the first quarter, and the Frogs were out of it. White threw another scoring pass to Harold Richardson, Linebacker Jerry Griffin ran back an interception 28 yards and SMU had its first win over TCU at Fort Worth in 21 years, and its first SWC title since 1948.

But there was some consolation for TEXAS. Despite some tricks by Texas A&M—an on-side kick on the opening kickoff, a cross-field lateral on another kickoff—the Longhorns won 22–14 and will play Mississippi in the Bluebonnet Bowl. Chris Gilbert ran through the Aggies for 137 yards, Bill Bradley passed for a touchdown and David Conway kicked two field goals. About all retiring Rice Coach Jess Neely salvaged from his last year were a few might-have-beens. His Owls tried hard, but BAYLOR's Terry Southall beat them 21–14 with two touchdown passes.

After nine straight victories in the Astrodome, Houston lost its magic touch. Behind MEMPHIS STATE 14–13, the Cougars missed a two-point conversion with 8:21 to go ("We don't play for a tie," said Coach Bill Yeoman), and then Ken Herbert's 31-yard field-goal try, with 1:14 left, failed. TEXAS WESTERN scored twice in the last five minutes to overtake Utah 27–20.

THE EAST 1. SYRACUSE (8–2) 2. ARMY (8–2) 3. HARVARD (8–1)

There were supposed to be no gimmicks when ARMY and Navy met before the usual 101,000 in Philadelphia's Kennedy Stadium. Both teams had sturdy defenses, and Army's Tom Cahill had said he would go with what his team knew best—just plain old nuts-and-bolts football. Navy's Bill Elias planned a passing game. So the first time the Cadets got the ball, sophomore Fullback Chuck Jarvis took a pitchout from sophomore Quarterback Steve Lindell, turned his left end and ran 49 yards for a touchdown. When Navy got the ball, sure enough, Quarterback John Cartwright began throwing—mostly sideline passes to End Rob Taylor—and a seven-yard toss to Taylor tied the score at 7–7.

That is the way it was until the last quarter, when Lindell decided he could not win with nuts and bolts alone. With the ball on the Navy 42, Split End Terry Young started

continued

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on his regular down-and-out pattern, Lindell faked to him and then Young reversed and went deep. Lindell floated a long pass, which Young grabbed in full stride on the 15 and carried in for a touchdown. After that, Navy never had a chance. The Army defense, led by Tackle Tom Schwartz and End Dave Rivers, swarmed Cartwright, and the Middies died. Lindell threw 23 yards to Halfback Carl Woessner, and Army won 20–7. For Cahill, who took over belatedly last spring when Army was unable to find a name coach to replace Paul Dietzel, it was a happy day. "Beautiful," said Cahill. "I wouldn't trade this for anything."

Boston College and HOLY CROSS went at each other in habitual fashion. Quarterback Jack Lentz got the Crusaders off to a quick 19–0 lead, the Eagles went ahead 20–19 and, with 1:10 to go, led 26–25. Then Lentz, just hoping for a first down, found End Peter Kimener in the clear, hit him with a 39-yard pass and Holy Cross won 32–25. VILLANOVA finished with a flourish, taking George Washington 16–7 for its fifth straight and a 6-3 season.

BEST OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Coley O'Brien, only Notre Dame's No. 2 quarterback, tried harder against Southern California. He completed 21 of 31 passes for 255 yards and three touchdowns as the angry Irish smashed the helpless Trojans 51-0.

THE LINEMAN: Georgia Tackle George Patton was the ringleader of a defense that held Georgia Tech's good backs to 71 yards rushing. Patton also recovered a fumble, intercepted a pass and tipped another into a teammate's hands.

THE MIDWEST 1. NOTRE DAME (9–0–1) 2. MICHIGAN STATE (9–0–1) 3. PURDUE (8–2)

Nebraska may have lost its pride when it was beaten by Oklahoma, but the Huskers still had the Sugar Bowl. MIAMI of Ohio, with high hopes for a Liberty Bowl bid, won its game handily against Cincinnati 28–8, as Quarterback Bruce Matte pitched four touchdown passes, three of them to John Erisman. But an invitation was not forthcoming for the 9-1 Redskins.

Everything was up in the air when TULSA and Wichita State got together—the Missouri Valley title, last place and especially the ball. The desperate Shockers threw 50 times and Tulsa 31, but the Hurricanes' Greg Barton was more accurate than Wichita State's John Eckman, passing for three touchdowns in Tulsa's 47–14 win. That gave the Hurricanes a first-place tie with North Texas State and put the Shockers in the cellar with LOUISVILLE, which beat East Carolina 21–7. **END**

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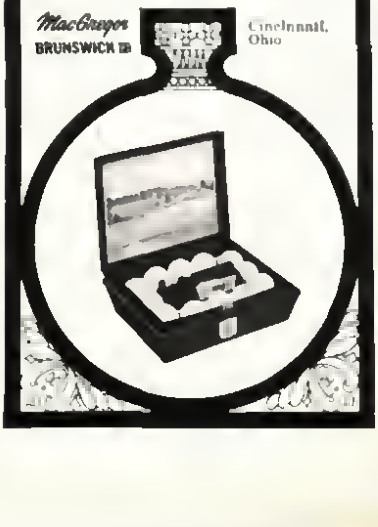
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A long trip and a good try

In the keenest high-goal polo competition of the decade, the visiting Americans found that Argentina's players still are the best in the world

It was spring in Buenos Aires last week, the social and sporting season was in full swing and a band of intrepid Americans were present to help celebrate that most traditional of Argentine horsey attractions—a series of high-goal international polo matches. For the hosts it was an especially happy occasion, because 1966 marks the 150th year of Argentina's independence. *Appropriately enough, they beat the* U.S. team in two straight matches for the Cup of the Americas, symbolic of world supremacy.

The U.S. defeat in Argentina comes as a surprise only to those nonthinkers who expect us to win every international team sport in which we become involved. The real surprise for polo enthusiasts was that the U.S. four did so well. Our team had never played together before three months ago, and it faced the world's finest players who have been competing with and against each other for half a dozen years. "We came down here with a pickup team to gain experience and do the best we could," said 37-year-old U.S. Captain Northrup R. (Norty) Knox, former Yale hockey star and world open court-tennis champion. "That we lost was not entirely unexpected. What we gained from this trip was renewed interest in big-time polo in the States. One of our major projects for 1967 will be to get our top players together more often under international conditions."

The challenge facing Knox, the newly elected chairman of the U.S. Polo Association, was tough though not entirely hopeless. It was roughly similar to fashioning—after a few weeks of practice—an All-Star team victory over the National Football League champions. Few sports demand more precision teamwork than is required to unite four men and their high-strung ponies into an efficient polo team. The U.S. had such teams once and ruled the world until American polo slipped into decline during World War II. High-goal polo has always been—and still is—a rich man's game, and the names on the oldtime rosters, such as Hitchcock, Guest, Sanford, Phipps, Harriman and Milburn, were synonymous with wealth and social position. Later, the polo "professional" was born when some of the rich team owners with skidding handicaps could keep up with the new generation only by "making it possible" for a hard-riding cowboy or western ranch hand—the great Cecil Smith, for one—to join a top eastern team in exchange for expenses and unlimited use of the best ponies the owner could buy.

American polo never quite made it back to the big time after the war. Many famous fields like those at the Meadow Brook Club in Westbury, N.Y. gave way to housing developments. The rising cost of participating in the sport (a minimum of $10,000 per year for a man with five ponies who expects to travel the club circuit and play in major tournaments) discouraged likely young prospects. Today there are fewer than 1,000 active players in the U.S., of whom about 750 have a U.S. Polo Association handicap of anywhere from zero to 10 goals depending on their overall ability and performance during the previous season's play. By contrast, Argentina has 4,800 players, about 900 with handicaps and 1,500 playing tournament polo at more than 180 widely scattered clubs. Of primary importance in the international picture, however, is the fact that Argentina can claim 70 players handicapped at five goals or more, including Juan Carlos Harriott, the world's only active 10-goaler. The U.S. has only 34 five-goal-or-over players, and when Bob Skene of Santa Barbara, Calif. retired last year, it marked the first time in 31 years that America has been unable to field at least one 10-goaler. Other countries where polo is played are doing as poorly. In England,

continued



STOPPING U.S. GOAL, Argentina's Francisco Dorignac backhands the ball away from onrushing Captain Northrup Knox (with glasses) during first match for the Cup of the Americas.



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despite the impetus Prince Philip has given the sport, there are about 200 registered players. There are only 40 in India, where once the Maharajah of Jaipur invited the pick of 1,000 players to make up three 30-goal teams.

All this leaves Argentina squarely on top, and the magnificent turf of the Palermo field in suburban Buenos Aires has become the polo capital of the world. After a 16-year lapse since the last Cup of the Americas series the U.S. had won in 1928 and 1932 but lost in 1936 and 1950—the defending champions were ready to show off a new generation of talent. In a dazzling six-week period, Palermo witnessed the best polo seen anywhere in the world for a long time.

To add to the festivities, the Argentines put on a separate tournament for teams limited to 30 goals, in addition to the Cup of the Americas series. It was hoped that Mexico would join this field, but only England and the U.S. came. That turned the event into a round robin and a runaway victory for Argentina's 30-goal team.

Preparing for these events at Oak Brook, Ill. where the U.S. tryouts were held last summer, Norty Knox had had his hands full. Finally he and the selection committee narrowed the squad to eight players. None of the eight had ever seen two 35-goal teams in action, much less played in such a match. "To make it worse," says Knox, "in order to get our maximum goal power we had to play men at unfamiliar positions. We actually came to Argentina with two No. 2s and two No. 3s. We improved with each practice, but not enough."

A natural No. 2 himself, eight-goal Knox elected to play at No. 1 and leave the 2-spot to Billy Linfoot, the 42-year-old nine-goal veterinarian from Pleasanton, Calif. The two No. 3s were 27-year-old Roy Barry (9 goals) from San Antonio and his 48-year-old uncle, Harold Barry (9 goals). Inasmuch as he weighs about 275 pounds and is only allowed to ride one pony at a time (same as everyone else), Harold was moved back to No. 4 and nephew Roy stayed at No. 3. Another nine-goaler on the squad, Lewis Smith, who has played for the Knox family in East Aurora, N.Y. for many years, was injured early on the trip. Available spares were Allan Scherer (5 goals) of Long Beach, Calif., Jack Murphy (7 goals) of Hinsdale, Ill. and

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Bobby Beveridge (6 goals) of San Antonio. The latter two teamed with Knox and Roy Barry to make up the American 30-goal team that lost to the English 13 8 and to Argentina 13 6 in the round robin.

Facing out so-called big team, with its average age of 38, were three young men in their 20s and 10-goal Captain Juan Carlos Harriott, who reached his 30th birthday as the matches began. As it has been in the U. S., Argentine polo is a family affair, with whole teams of brothers or cousins or fathers and sons. Today's stars, Harriott and his brother Alfredo, Gaston and Francisco Dorignac, and Horacio and Alberto Heguy are such wonderously talented horsemen and team players that they should make world polo *the* family affair for all of the foreseeable future.

The typical young Argentine polo player comes from a wealthy if not necessarily a social, background. (There is no better way to crash Buenos Aires society, however than to play top polo.) His father was a polo player before him, and from the time he first learned to ride on the family *estancia* he was also learning to swat that small elusive white ball with a polo mallet. Always on hand at the major tournaments at Palermo were the proud parent champions of past decades urging their handsome sons on and reminding the youngsters of the days when they played against the fantastic American, Tommy Hitchcock.

One interesting question in this year's matches was whether the American horses belonged on the same field with the quick and shifty ponies bred on the pampas specifically for playing this stop-and-turn-and-go-game. The U. S. players brought with them 36 ponies, most of them loaned by well-wishing polo ists at home. Only one of the 36 was an Argentine-bred, and it never saw action because of an injury. "Naturally," said Captain Knox, "the Argentines think they breed the best. They breed a specific type usually by a Thoroughbred stallion out of a three-quarter or seven-eighths mare, and then this pony is trained by the players who will eventually use him. Like our own ponies, which are also mostly by Thoroughbreds and often come to us from the racetracks, they don't reach their peak until the age of 7 or 8. I don't believe the Argentines produce a better polo pony, but they produce more of them. Our best are

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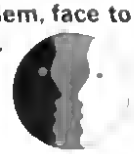
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the equal of their best, but ours drop in quality if we get too many injuries."

Knox's theory stood up during the first game, which the Americans lost 10–6 after playing their younger opponents to a standstill for three of the seven chukkers. "The Argentine horses are trained to turn on their front legs," said Knox. "Ours stop on their hocks and turn. They have an edge in speed, we think our edge is in maneuverability. Their game is speed, ours is strategy."

American strategy in the first game was simple enough: press and harass the enemy from the opening whistle. For most of the game it worked so well that Juan Carlos Harriott, despite his five goals, never looked like the great player that he is. Nearly every time he thought he was going to break loose his escape was thwarted by Billy Linfoot.

Linfoot's own two goals, a pair on penalty shots by Roy Barry and Knox's opening chukker score kept the Americans right in the match for three periods, after which they trailed by only 6–5. But the Argentine overall class and experience as a team won it for them in the last four chukkers.

In the second game the Americans were seldom outplayed, though they lost 14–10. With his team trailing 7–11 going into the sixth chukker, Knox scored three consecutive goals—the first on a perfect pass from Roy Barry, the second alone and the last after picking up a loose ball. An amazing upset seemed possible, but the Argentines rallied, cut off further U.S. scoring and made three more goals of their own. It was a brilliant contest, and speed won out.

The big lesson to be learned by the U.S. from these matches is that you cannot expect victory against the Argentines if you play your men in unfamiliar positions. And the reason they played that way at Palermo is because in our low-goal polo system most of the best Americans play on different teams. They never get a chance to team up and practice together until somebody decides it's time to play another international match. With its plethora of talent Argentina has unlimited open teams. Until the U.S. Polo Association lifts the limit of 25 goals imposed on all teams competing for the U.S. open championship, no American team will be able to muster both the firepower and experience that is required for a serious challenge at the world title. **END**

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As a player Fidel Castro was no threat to U.S. Champion Bobby Fischer at the Chess Olympics, but Bobby's popularity threatened to rival Fidel's. A member of the U.S. team tells how and why

Bobby would rather fight

Ever since 1952, when it first entered the Chess Olympics, Soviet Russia has won. Twice the U.S. has finished second: in Leipzig in 1960 and in Fidel Castro's Havana, a fortnight ago. On both occasions the U.S. team was headed by Bobby Fischer, the eccentric glamour boy of international chess.

There really were two major conflicts going on in the ballroom of the Habana Libre (formerly Hilton) hotel during Fischer's more recent appearance. One was for first place in the Olympics, which was likely to go to Russia, barring some considerable upset. The other was for a gold medal representing the outstanding individual performance among some 200 players from 52 countries. The eighth consecutive victory for the Soviet chess team (the Olympics are held every other year) was as close to routine as such a performance in chess can be. But Fischer's struggle for the gold medal belongs with the legends, and is going to be remembered, at least in Havana, long after the Soviet team victory has become merely another item in the record books.

At Leipzig, six years ago, Bobby was a touchy, thin-skinned, self-conscious 17-year-old, who suffered so acutely in the limelight that he almost had to win so the world would not witness his pain when he lost. At Havana he was an expansive, good-natured, self-possessed champion, who avoided that dilemma by a simple expedient: he did not lose. Or at least not until the last critical moment. The Olympics needed something dramatic, and he provided it. It was the biggest, best-run and most expensive Chess Olympics ever held. Rumor was that it cost the Cuban government 1.3 million pesos. It probably did. Castro learned to play chess just recently and wants the country to share his enthusiasm. With those familiar props of his the long cigar and the crumpled cap he dropped in at the tournament often, and he played both World Champion Tigran Petrosian and Fischer. The hall was crowded for every round of the tournament. And the games were broadcast, play by play, over radio and TV.

For several thousand who could not get into the hall, an electronic demonstration board was set up on a wall opposite the Habana Libre, and that alone, we were told, cost another 80,000 pesos.

Cuba's numerous and demonstrative chess fans soon became ardent partisans of Bobby Fischer. The brilliant and aggressive character of his play and his willingness to take on all comers gained the affection of the crowds, and it was a good thing: the U.S. team presently needed all the resources it possessed to obviate hostility. At one point the Polish captain accused us of having thrown our match with Norway.

The second blowup was more serious and came on the second day of the finals. It has been generally accepted in chess circles for the past two years that Fischer never plays chess, or even discusses the game, from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday. That period, he says, is his "holy day." He has gotten religion, though no one has been able to find out which religion it is, or whether it has a brand name. Chess players are not a notably devout group, and Bobby's religion has provoked endless speculation and theological arguments among them. One theory is that he has come under the influence of an obscure California radio preacher, who aims at a reconciliation of the Jewish and Christian faiths. However, unless you know Bobby well you do not ask him about anything he does not want to discuss. You certainly do not ask him if you are playing on the same chess team.

In making arrangements with Cuban officials before the U.S. team left for Havana, Colonel Edmund Edmondson, the executive director of the U.S. Chess Federation, was assured that Bobby's sabbath would be respected. By the luck of the draw, the U.S. opponent on Saturday was Russia, and Fischer was therefore in line to meet Petrosian. The Russians were asked to postpone the starting time of Fischer's game against Petrosian from 4 until 6. Alexei Serov, the manager of the Russian team, not only refused, but chewed out Donald Byrne, the nonplaying captain of the American team, in a lengthy, irrelevant anti-American harangue.

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Not wanting to play without Fischer, the other three members of the American team took the day off and thus forfeited the match. Our action was written up in the Havana press at least once as a *yanqui* dodge employed to avoid a humiliating defeat at the hands of the Soviet Union.

At this point Donald Byrne reported to *Colonel* Edmondson in New York by phone. Edmondson, in turn, outlined the situation to Folke Rogard, the president of the International Chess Federation, in Stockholm. Rogard cabled Byrne recommending that an arbitration board be set up to reschedule the match. Igor Bondarevsky, the Russian captain, said the incident had developed international repercussions. As a result the decision would have to be made by the Russian chess federation. He told us that we could expect it in a few days. But the very next day the director of the Cuban Sports Federation announced that the Russians had agreed to reschedule the match—"in order," they said, "not to disappoint their Cuban public."

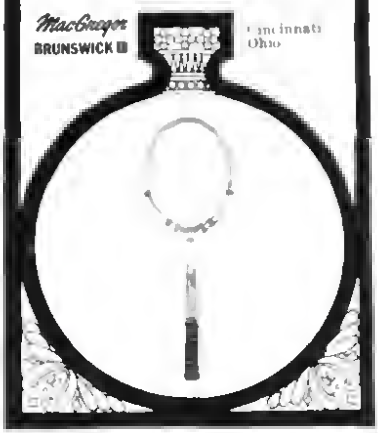
The Cuban public, however, was not theirs. It was Fischer's. For tactical reasons the Russians replaced the cautious Petrosian at first board with young Boris Spassky, to the distinct disappointment of the Cuban fans, who wanted to see Fischer pitted against the world champion. Fischer, playing white, exploited an opening advantage and achieved a winning bind in 35 moves. On the 36th move, with 45 minutes at his disposal, he made a hasty pawn snatch and followed it with a dubious rejoinder that permitted Spassky to salvage a draw. On the second board Mikhail Tal trounced our Robert Byrne, and on the third board Pal Benko held Soviet Champion Leonid Stein to a draw, while my game with Lev Polugaevsky was also drawn. The score: 2½–1½ in favor of the Russians.

With the Russian masters thus assured of another victory in their long string, the interest of the Cuban enthusiasts shifted to Fischer's individual record. After his first 15 games Bobby had 13 wins, two draws and the gold medal in his pocket. His only rival was Petrosian, who finished with 11½ points out of a possible 13 -10 wins and three draws. Bobby had faced tougher opposition than Petrosian and played more games. He could have stopped after his 15th game, with first place at first board safely in his grasp. There is no question

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that the Russians, under such circumstances, would have chosen to play it safe. After the tournament some criticism was directed at Captain Donald Byrne for allowing Bobby to take on more than 15 opponents. But Bobby was given his head, and, in effect, beat himself in his 16th game.

He played Rumania's No. 1 player, Florin Gheorghiu, two years his junior. Offered a draw by Gheorghiu, Fischer refused it. Had he been willing to accept a draw, he would have had no losses, three draws (the same number as Petrosian) and far more wins than Petrosian for a higher percentage and the gold medal. But he lost to Gheorghiu, which still gave him 14 wins, two draws and one loss to Petrosian's 10 wins and three draws. Petrosian's winning average was 88.46 to Fischer's 88.23, a microscopic difference of .23, but enough to give him Bobby's coveted gold medal.

The drama of Fischer's decision to refuse the draw was not lost on either the Russians or the Cubans, though it was given scant notice in the Havana newspapers. Cuban enthusiasts who, right up to the last day, expected that Fischer would win, attached a special importance to it.

The fans were on Bobby's side just as enthusiastically over another bold challenge he made. Midway in the tournament Fidel Castro gave a banquet at the Palace of the Revolution, at which Fischer approached Stein and suggested that they stay on in Havana after the Olympics and play a match. In the past Fischer's attempts to promote man-to-man matches with the Russians have been rebuffed.

But caught off guard in Havana's festive atmosphere, Stein agreed. Fischer immediately led him to Castro, to announce their intention and to obtain Castro's approval. The Prime Minister, not wearing his cap on this occasion, listened attentively while Bobby explained things, occasionally puffing thoughtfully on his cigar. "The Prime Minister said that it was all right with him," Bobby told the newspapermen, "and that furthermore he would like to watch the match." But the next day, after second thoughts and consultations (and perhaps a message from Moscow), Stein announced that he considered Fischer's proposal a mere publicity stunt and ended the discussion by postponing the match. **END**



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The guests were two-time losers

The strongest foreign contingent to play here in years competed in the Blue Ribbon Pairs championship in Pittsburgh last week, and some of these famous performers had a tough time of it, both in official and unofficial competition. The Blue Ribbon was won by Charles Coon and Richard Zeckhauser, two New Yorkers who are fairly well known in bridge circles. But the winners received nowhere near the attention given to such entries as Benito Garozzo and Omar Sharif, or Jeremy Flint and Peter Pender.

Flint is the newest British bridge star. Ten months ago he began a tour of the American tournament circuit and, among other achievements, earned Life Master ranking in a mere 11 weeks—an incomparable record. He and Pender, who is from San Francisco, made the final round of the Blue Ribbon but slipped to 18th with two poor closing sessions.

The glamour pair of Garozzo and Sharif had even worse luck. Garozzo is a strong member of Italy's World Championship team, and Sharif, who is most familiar as the star of *Doctor Zhivago*, is as good a bridge player as he is an actor. Garozzo and Sharif were among the first pairs eliminated in the Blue Ribbon event, so while the tournament continued they decided to have a private all-night bridge game for stakes that would suit a movie star. Here is a hand that showed the visitors at their best. Playing with Garozzo was Leon Yallouze, who was sitting in at the moment for Sharif. The East-West pair was Phil Feldesman and Ivan Erdos.

Feldesman's jump overcall was weak but it had tactical overtones. He hoped that, by crowding the bidding space, he would make the opponents blunder into a poor contract in hearts. This might have happened, since Garozzo had reasonable heart support. However, when Erdos added to the jam-up by raising

North-South vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ A 3
♥ K 9 4
♦ 10 6 4
♣ A Q 7 5 3

WEST
♠ K J 10 9 2
♥ Q 8 6 5 3
♦ 8
♣ K 6

EAST
♠ 8 6 4
♥ 10
♦ A 9 7 5
♣ J 10 8 4 2

SOUTH
♠ Q 7 5
♥ A J 7 2
♦ K Q J 3 2
♣ 9

SOUTH (Yallouze)	WEST (Feldesman)	NORTH (Garozzo)	EAST (Erdos)
1 ♥	2 ♦	4 ♠	5 ♠
PASS	PASS	(N.T.)	PASS
5 ♦	PASS	PASS	PASS

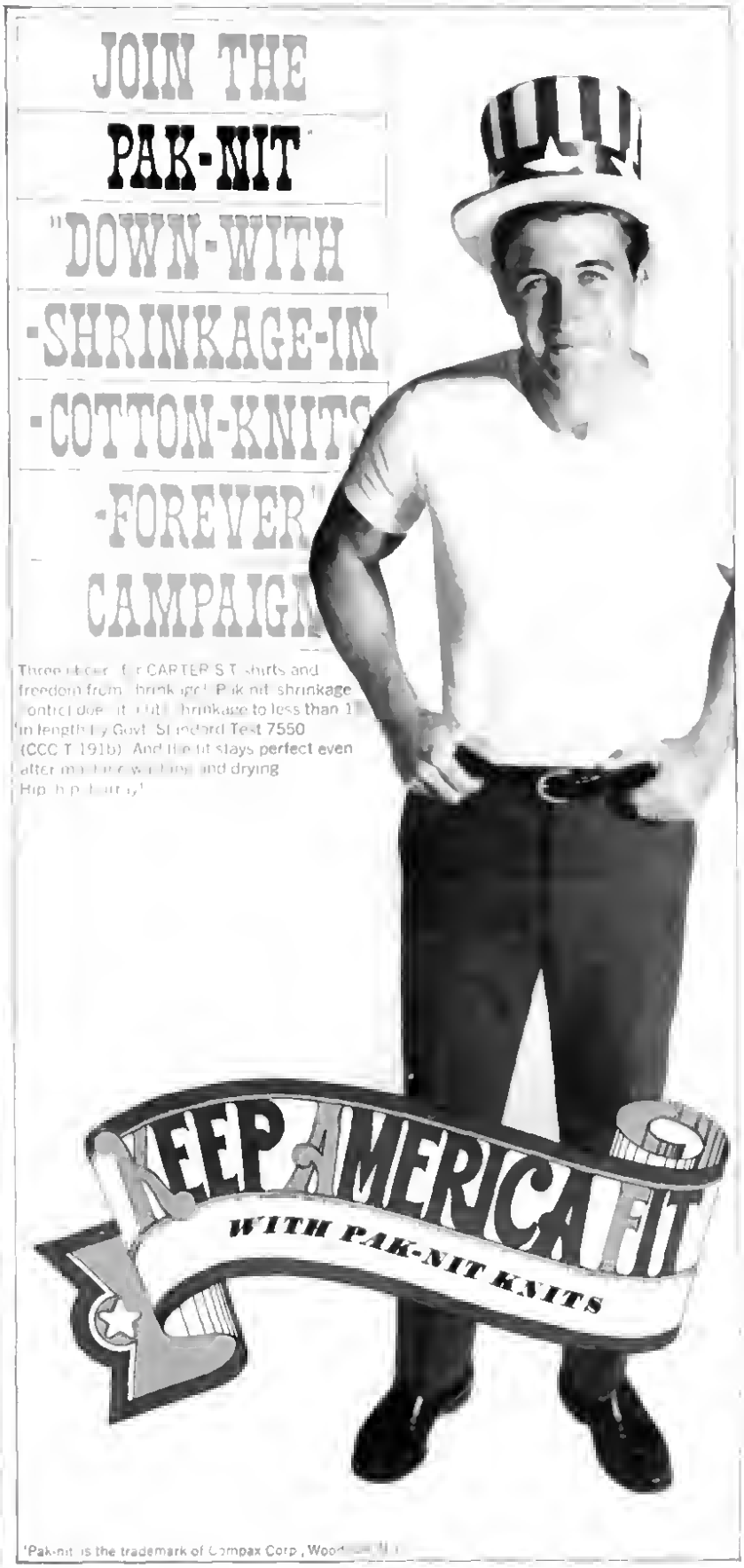
Opening lead: jack of spades

to four spades, Garozzo made an unusual use of the four-no-trump bid to ask his partner to choose the suit. Yallouze picked a brand-new suit, and Garozzo decided it was probably better than hearts. It was, but Yallouze had to play masterfully to bring it home.

The spade opening gave Yallouze the chance he needed. He let it ride and won with his queen. Next came a spade to the ace and a low diamond ducked by East and won by South's king. Declarer figured that West should have six spades for his jump overcall and ruffed the third round of spades with dummy's 10. East ducked a second trump lead, and South won with the queen but discovered that he would have to cope with East's having the ace-9 of trumps.

Yallouze solved the problem with the aid of a seemingly unnecessary finesse in clubs. He led a heart to dummy's king and returned a low heart. It would do East no good to ruff, because this would take care of South's heart loser at the cost to East of a possible trump trick, so East discarded a club. South won the ace, finessed dummy's queen of clubs, cashed the ace, discarding a heart, and led a third club, which he trumped with his 2 of diamonds. Declarer was left with a losing heart and the jack-3 of diamonds. He exited with his heart, letting West win the trick. Whatever happened, South now was sure to make his 11th trick with the jack of diamonds.

It was one of the few high points for the invaders. When the game broke up at 6 a.m. the score sheet suggested that their loss in the Blue Ribbon Pairs was not the only foreign defeat of the week. **END**





DON'T SHOOT UNLESS YOU'RE LOADED

BY CHARLES THAYER

There is a lot of trophy-size stag, bear and boar roaming the forests and fields of countries behind the Iron Curtain. Foreign hunters are always welcome to have a go at the game—provided they bring plenty of money with them



Fritz Ohlig, on a hunting vacation in Hungary, peered through the telescopic sight of his rifle and saw a pair of antlers that would have rattled any hunter. Carefully he pulled the trigger, and the stag dropped in its tracks. That single shot cost Herr Ohlig exactly $8,000. After the Hungarian hunting authorities had weighed and measured the trophy and another he had shot earlier, they handed Herr Ohlig, a well-to-do building contractor from West Germany, his bill. Being a good sport as well as a good shot, he wrote out a check for $10,000 without a murmur.

Ohlig's stag proved to be a world record, the antlers alone weighing over 30 pounds. But hundreds of other stags costing thousands of dollars are shot annually by Western sportsmen in Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and other Communist countries.

Several million dollars, or the equivalent, are annually paid by trophy hunters for Eastern Europe's red, roe and fallow deer and for wild boar and bear. Smaller game, like pheasant, partridge and hare, does not come cheap, either. During each hunting season a large jet plane loaded with well-heeled hunters leaves Paris every Friday afternoon bound for the pheasant preserves of southern Moravia for a weekend's shooting. Each hunter is guaranteed up to 200 birds a day at $1.50 a shot. If he is careful, the weekend will cost him only about $1,000. The birds shot belong to the Czechs and are sold to the gourmet restaurants of Paris and other Western cities.

What possesses a Western European sportsman to spend up to $8,000 for a stag or to travel halfway across Europe just for a day's pheasant shooting? To find out, I traveled nearly 3,000 miles through Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Rumania last season, ostensibly to hunt, but chiefly to talk to government officials, game wardens and gamekeepers.

Except for a few main highways connecting major cities, the roads of Eastern Europe are still waiting to be paved or, as the road maps say, be made "dust-free." (One might add "boulder-free" and "bog-free.") As many of the hunting areas I wanted to see were high in the mountains or deep in the forests, I chose my car carefully. My selection was a light, four-wheel-drive, Austrian-made jeep called a Haflinger, narrow enough to thread through forest trails and ca-

continued

pable of climbing up tracks that would give a donkey second thoughts.

Traditionally, hunting in the countries of Eastern Europe has been confined to the privileged few. In the old days poachers had their hands chopped off if they got caught. Today, aside from the Communist top brass and such high-ranking guests as Khrushchev in his heyday, only carefully selected members of state-controlled game clubs may carry firearms and hunt. Poachers, I gather, no longer have their limbs amputated, but the risk of capture is high and the penalty often is a long jail term.

In Hungary and Rumania only 22 people in 10,000 have hunting licenses, and the hunting authorities told me that they consider this proportion excessive. In Czechoslovakia the ratio is even lower—20 per 10,000. In the U.S., by contrast, about 750 people in 10,000 have licenses.

Membership in the gun clubs is restricted by severe examinations in handling weapons as well as in all aspects of conservation—biology, law and sometimes even the handling of hunting dogs. More, each candidate must have a personal recommendation from his local authorities—party officials or the police. The authorities deny with straight faces that political considerations count, but someone did point out that "a candidate must demonstrate he is a stable citizen and not prone to shooting the leaders, like your man Oswald."

Foreigners bearing hard currency are being given priority over all but the very highest government officials. Herr Ohlig reports that his prize stag had been earmarked for Janos Kadar, the top party leader in Hungary. But when Kadar was not able to keep the date the authorities released the stag to the West German.

For centuries wild game has been stringently conserved by assigning quotas to every hunting area based on the number of animals it can support without undue damage to crops or forests. After an annual census, the animals in excess of this number are condemned for shooting according to size, age and sex. The Communist regimes have—wisely, I believe—adhered to this system and, in fact, enforce it even more strictly than their titled predecessors. And the old gamekeepers who once guided the nobility have enthusiastically applauded the decision of their new, less aristocratic but more authoritarian employers. In fact, just as the gamekeepers of Germany were among the first to welcome Hitler's severe hunting laws, many of the professionals in Eastern Europe today are keen supporters of current game legislation.

"A socialist planned economy is very well suited to the old quota system of conservation," an ancient, bearded jaeger told me with a sly twinkle.

Also, as in prewar days, game is regarded as a crop, and the meat shot as a harvest belongs to the owner of the land—in this case, the state. Gun clubs are assigned a specific quota of game they theoretically must harvest and deliver to the state.

But, as often occurs in a socialist system, the theory is not always the practice. On my recent trip I spent a day hunting with a gun club, and a wild boar



was shot. Then the head of the club deprecatingly pointed out that the club had not filled its annual quota of meat. "Shouldn't we deliver this boar to the authorities?" he asked his fellow hunters a bit tentatively. "Or should we eat it now?" The response was immediate, and a loud, "Eat! eat!" echoed through the forest. A few minutes later the boar was turning on a spit over a roaring blaze.

My first stop was Czechoslovakia. I had been invited to go hunting at Krivoklat, about 25 miles from Prague, where I was told I probably could get a shot at a bargain-priced stag. A large, gloomy medieval castle, once the home of the Furstenberg family, brooded over the village. Under its walls the district game warden met me and took me to the gamekeeper's lodge a few miles farther on—a small green cottage on the edge of the forest.

The first day's shooting was disappointing. The keeper explained that the rutting season was over and the stags had retired into the thickets to rest from their exhausting courtships. But on the second day, after a long stalk, we climbed an elaborate stand built in the middle of a clearing. As dusk approached we were startled by a stag roaring deep in the forest. A few minutes later he roared again—this time at the very edge of the clearing. Then, as we sat motionless, he broke cover hardly 50 yards away. His heavy 12-point antlers lay back against his withers as he raised his snout and let out a challenging bellow. At a glance, we could see he was no bargain-basement stag, and I lowered my rifle and watched him trot purposefully across the glade in search of a mate, pausing now and again to roar.

"Persistent old lecher," the gamekeeper muttered. "Doesn't seem to know the season for lovemaking is over."

The stag had disappeared across the glade and darkness was falling fast when a rustling attracted our attention. Four hinds and a calf emerged from the thicket to graze, and the gamekeeper cautioned me to get ready for a shot. A moment later a small stag followed the harem. His thin, stunted antlers marked him clearly as a reject, the kind every gamekeeper tries to eliminate, lest he beget similar misfits.

As he turned, exposing his shoulder, I squeezed off a careless shot. It hit back of the shoulder, and for a few moments he stood looking about quizzically before he sank to the ground. The gamekeeper frowned, and I mumbled an apology for my clumsiness. But we soon had the beast back at the lodge, and next morning the warden arrived to evaluate him. Apologetically he put the price at $80. "Actually, we ought to pay you for getting rid of him," he added.

Back in Prague I bade my farewells and turned southeast through southern Moravia and Slovakia, the wonderful pheasant area where hundreds of Westerners come each year to shoot. The bird season had not opened, so I could only walk through some of the better shoots teeming with pheasant, partridge and hare, which popped up at almost every step.

In Budapest I was warmly greeted by Josef Gabor, the genial and able head of MAVAD (the Hungarian Game Trading Corporation), under whose auspices foreigners are provided with shooting facilities. Gabor put me in the hands of Dr. Michael Halasz, MAVAD's leading shooting expert, whose faultless English had been acquired at Oxford before the war.

It was a perfect autumn day when Dr. Halasz and I drove northward along the banks of the Danube, which for once was a shimmering, soft blue. Our destination was Visegrad, centuries ago the capital of Hungary and ever since the royal shooting reserve. Today it is used largely by VIPs and officials. Shortly after noon we reached our hunting lodge, built by the present regime in concrete and stone, in a style suggesting a modern Riviera villa. It was furnished in tasteless third-rate modern, not lacking TV. But it was comfortable enough, and the wife of the local gamekeeper turned out to be a superb cook.

I had previously explained to Dr. Halasz that I was more interested in seeing the gamekeepers at work than in shooting, though I would gladly take a crack at any bargain-basement game we chanced upon. The gamekeeper, a bow-

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DON'T SHOOT *continued*

legged little man with a walleye—the result of a war wound—suggested I shoot a wild boar. He knew where there was a beauty.

So we set off in the morning in the Haflinger along a narrow forest trail. As we climbed, the track got narrower and muddier, and at spots we were over our axles in clay. But we managed somehow to plow through and eventually reached a hilltop thickly overgrown with young oak and pine. The gamekeeper squinted into the thicket and sniffed.

"They're still here," he announced. "Smell them?" I smelled nothing but didn't say so. We circled the undergrowth, the gamekeeper pausing occasionally for a good sniff. "A herd of yearlings," he finally announced. "Nothing worth shooting." Just how he reached this conclusion was a secret he never divulged.

"Let's go after the big fellow," he said, and set off through the woods to another thicket a mile or so away.

As we crept silently along a well-cleaned path, he turned suddenly and pointed at my boots. "They squeak," he said severely. Whispering, I explained my wife had cleaned them with ordinary shoe wax, and until I could find some badger fat or other suitable grease there was nothing I could do about it.

A hundred yards farther he stopped again and told Dr. Halasz to wait where we were. "Three's a crowd," he said. Then he led me another 200 yards to the edge of a stand of sapling pines and stationed me behind a large oak in a clearing scarcely 20 yards across. Glancing at his watch, he whispered, "In 20 minutes, at five minutes of 5, the big fellow will come out by that beech tree across the glade." It was like a station master announcing the arrival of the *Orient Express.*

"And when he comes," he said, "don't wait for me to give the word. Just shoot!"

For several minutes we stood motionless. Then he nudged me and tapped his ear. I flipped the safety catch and wiped the front of my telescopic sight, and I, too, heard a twig snap. Suddenly the bushes in front of us parted, and beside the beech tree an enormous boar emerged, its tusks thrust forward. It



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sniffed the wind and peered about near-sightedly. Its huge head and heavy shoulders and sloping hindquarters looked to me like a big, black grand piano standing on its side.

I jerked my rifle up. It took a split second before I had the boar on the tip of the sight. But it was a split second too long. Catching the movement of the rifle, the grand piano pivoted, leaped into the air and, the last I saw of it, was leaping gracefully over a small pine tree, hind legs waving a derisive goodby. I lowered my rifle, the bullet still in the chamber, and turned cringing to my companion. To me nothing is so humiliating as a gamekeeper's scorn. But he looked at me with his little walleye, smiling, and patted my shoulder.

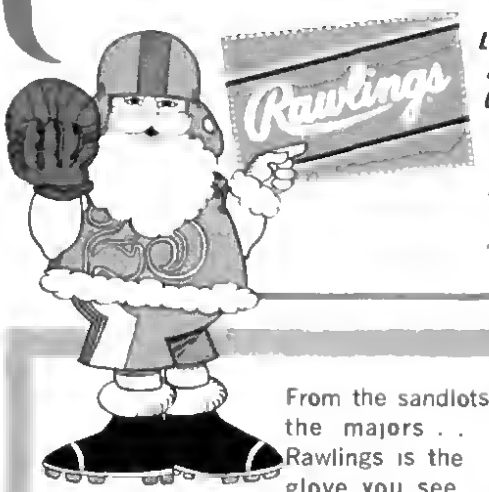
"It was a bit quick," he said consolingly. "Next time wait for a few seconds after he comes out, till he is off the alert and starts feeding." As we turned back toward home, I glanced at my watch. It was three minutes to 5. Until I finally fell asleep that night, the only thing I could see in my mind's eye was that big, black grand piano and then the heels of a graceful ballet dancer disappearing over the pine tree.

Personally, I have always found boar hunting one of the most exciting sports, not just because there is an element of danger when a wounded tusker charges, but because, when he thrusts his ugly head out of a thicket and peers at you with his small, malevolent eyes, you instinctively feel on the side of the angels, especially when your shot finds his shoulder and sends him spinning end over end.

Dr. Halasz was a traditionalist and believed in the sovereignty of the stag as emperor of the forest. So next morning I reluctantly gave up thoughts of bagging the boar, and we set out long before dawn in a hunting carriage drawn by two husky horses. Soon we were plunging up a rocky mountain trail, the carriage bouncing and swaying over rocks and ruts. The game warden, seated by the coachman, and Halasz, beside me, swayed and rolled effortlessly, like broncobusters on bucking horses, but I sat rigid, holding on to the seat with both hands, my rifle squeezed between my knees.

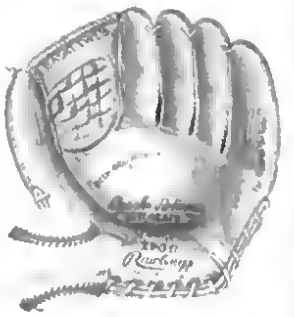
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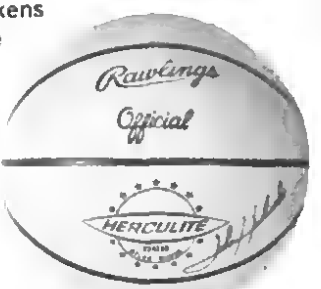


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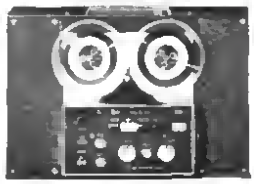
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As we crashed along, it seemed incredible to me that any stag within earshot would not bolt for cover, and as the morning passed without a sign of game my skepticism grew. Cold, carsick and shaken, I wanted to turn back after a few hours, but Halasz was insistent. "Even if you don't want to shoot a real imperial stag, at least you have to see one," he said, brimming with Hungarian pride. "This is the worst possible season, but perhaps we'll *find* a poor one that fits your budget," he added with a tinge of scorn, for to him the idea of an American sportsman without unlimited funds was too absurd to contemplate.

So on we rattled and bounced till suddenly the coachman reined in and with his whip pointed into an open glade where five hinds were grazing. As we approached they raised their heads in curiosity, but showed no sign of fear. Then the warden pointed behind them and raised his glasses. A few yards back of the herd I saw a great stag lumbering through the trees, his head swaying majestically from side to side as he maneuvered his antlers through the branches. I counted 11 points on one side—a 22-ender—the largest I had ever seen. Indeed, as I gazed at his huge spread he seemed even bigger than Herr Ohlig's.

For a full minute the warden watched the great animal in silence. Then, to my astonishment, he turned to me, his voice tense. "You may shoot him." Mesmerized by those antlers I raised my rifle and quickly had him on the point of my sights. But a small tree masked his vital shoulder. Recalling my hasty blunder in Czechoslovakia, I paused, waiting for the stag to take just one small step so that it would be past the tree. My companions, misunderstanding my hesitation, urged me to fire.

"You'll never have a shot like that as long as you live," Halasz whispered, hoarse with excitement.

"Gold medal if I ever saw one," muttered the warden.

The coachman spoke up: "Shoot, damn it! He's no more expensive than another Mercedes-Benz for you."

The last words struck me just as the stag started forward and I was about to

continued

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squeeze off the shot. Mercedes-Benz? What madness! Hastily I lowered my rifle. A second later the stag turned away, his magnificent antlers still swaying majestically through the trees.

Halasz looked at me, dismayed. The coachman swore. Only the warden seemed to understand my bewildered, questioning look. Why had he offered me a stag far beyond my limit? And why had he consented to my shooting a champion long after the season for capital stags closed?

His voice was still choked when he finally answered the questions: "He was the greatest we've had here, and you are our first American guest. I couldn't deny you the honor."

I thanked him, and silently I thanked the coachman—his mention of Mercedes-Benz had just saved me a good many thousand dollars.

As we drove home in silence I began to understand Herr Ohlig's passion. And that evening as we reviewed the great moment, Dr. Halasz reproachfully intimated that I had deliberately refused an honor given to few. It was as though I had rejected a *Croix de Guerre*.

The warden was more understanding. "Trophies aren't everything," he said. "We all have our limits. And, as for me, I never regret it when I see a beast like that go free in my forest." And then he began to talk of some of the trophy hunters who had come to his reserve from Germany and France. Most of them, he said, were good sportsmen and excellent hunters. "There's only one type I resent—the competers. The moment they arrive they announce they are interested in nothing less than an 18- or 19-pound antler. Invariably, it turns out that their neighbor or business competitor has just brought back from Hungary or Yugoslavia a stag with antlers weighing 16 or 17 pounds, so they can't go home with anything less." He wagged his head scornfully. "That's got nothing to do with sport."

Often the readiness to pay small fortunes for a moment's thrill springs from a compelling urge, which particularly exists among the newly rich, to emulate their seniors in the industrial hierarchy—the Krupps and Siemens and

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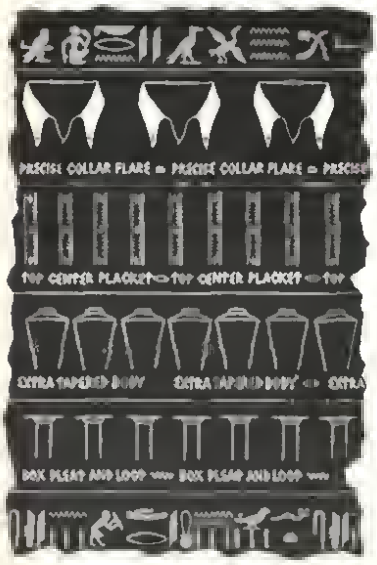
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DON'T SHOOT *continued*

Thyssens. Throughout their climb to wealth and power, the self-made men have gazed with envy at the great antlers adorning the mantels of the pseudo-Gothic castles of the original tycoons. They believe that, until they can similarly adorn the mantels of their new villas in the Ruhr, they have not really reached the top. And when one brings home a silver-medal trophy, his competitors cannot rest until they have shot—or bought—a gold medal.

But they are not all that way, the warden hastened to add. The best hunters are usually the poorest. They are apt to spend as much effort and energy stalking a beast within their limited means as the very rich do with the cream of the crop.

Back in Budapest when I settled my account with MAVAD, I found the total cost of my three days' hunting to be just $29.75. I wonder whether any wealthy tycoon had enjoyed himself more.

My next stop was to be Bucharest. In my son's school atlas, which was all I had when I planned my trip, Bucharest looks like a hop, skip and jump from Budapest, but from the driver's seat of my 40-mph jeep it seemed halfway to the moon.

When I finally reached their capital, after dodging gypsy carts and slithering about on oil-slick highways, the Rumanians greeted me even more warmly than had the Hungarians and Czechs.

The specialty of the house of hunting in Rumania, they made clear, was bear. The only difficulty is that there is no Macy's basement for bear hunters. Big bears, medium-sized bears and baby bears all cost $1,000. Furthermore, the Rumanians, rich in oil, coal, iron and other natural resources, are not so desperate for hard currency, and therefore scorn bargain hunters. So, after a brief and vain effort at haggling, I accepted their terms. They in turn agreed to try to find for me the biggest and blackest bear in the country.

The Rumanians claim to have over 3,000 bears, and the Bear Five-year Plan, unlike Rumania's other economic programs, calls for no dramatic increase. Each year the entire natural increment

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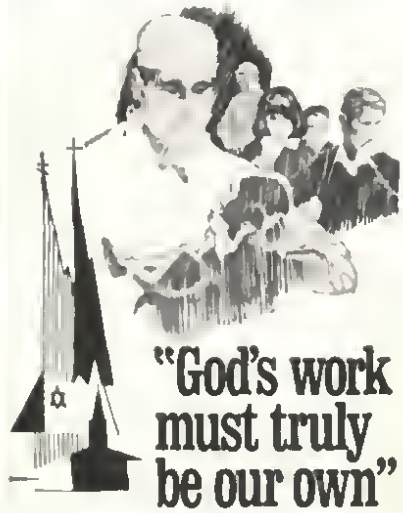
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of about 60 bears may be shot, but only on the written authority of the Minister of Forests. The reason for the exception is the vast damage bears can inflict on more essential crops, notably plums, from which Tzuica, the Rumanian national drink, is produced. During my travels throughout the country I saw entire orchards destroyed in a single night by hungry bears who climb the trees, embrace the fruit-laden branches and then hurl themselves and the branches to the ground, where they strip them of their fruits.

The area selected for my bear hunt was high in the Carpathian Mountains just north of the Ploesti oil fields about 35 miles from Bucharest. The expedition consisted of Lucian Preda, my official escort from the Rumanian tourist agency; Nicolai Dima, the president of the Ploesti gun club, who was to organize the shoot; and his bear expert, Luka Serbanescu.

All agreed that the four days I had at my disposal was more than ample to bag a big bear, so when we made our first base in an old baronial castle converted into a sanitarium, the director, Dr. Gogulescu, suggested we spend the first day snipe-shooting. It turned out to be costly in ammunition but completely harmless to the snipe.

That evening, never having participated in a bear hunt, I asked the affable doctor just how the shoot would take place. He described the strategy with an air of great authority. The area to be hunted—a mountainous country about 10 miles square—was to be combed by 15 or 20 beaters, accompanied by perhaps a dozen large dogs. The beaters, starting in small groups seven or eight miles apart, would converge on the spot where the principal gun—myself—was to be stationed. Since I alone had authority to shoot a bear, any that chose to break out elsewhere would go scot-free.

As the beaters approached, the doctor went on, the first game to emerge would be the wolves. There is a bounty on wolves, so I should shoot as many of them as I could. Following them, in all probability, would come a lynx or two. I could shoot them, too. Next would come the wild boar. The doctor sug-

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gested I pass up the boar, as the bears usually followed close on their heels and might be put off by the rifle fire.

Last of all would come the bears, brown or black, sometimes in groups of three or four. The blacks, he said, were the biggest and most ferocious.

"But don't get nervous," he reassured me. "You will usually be in a stand, high in a tree, and will always be accompanied by a *doubleur*, in case anything goes wrong." The *doubleur*, I gathered, was a sharpshooting backup man.

The maximum range would seldom be over 30 yards, but, as bears are very agile, it would be best to shoot over flat sights, aiming my rifle as though it were a shotgun.

"Above all," the doctor reiterated, "don't get nervous. Remember, the *doubleur* will always be covering you."

I was not too much disturbed by the thought of an attacking bear, but I did wonder just how the beaters could drive one over several miles of mountain and bring it out within 30 yards of my stand.

My doubts were soon confirmed. For two days we beat the forests, each day staging two beats and each night moving to a different base. But no wolves, no lynx, no boar and no bear emerged. Dima and his expert, Lika, were deeply depressed and begged me to prolong my stay. Dr. Gogulescu, my cheery mentor, was even more dismayed. It was all his fault, he moaned. He was always a Jonah. In fact, he confessed, in 10 years of bear shooting he had never even seen a bear!

The first drive on our last day likewise produced nothing. There was only one beat left. After an enormous lunch we scrambled up the last mountain. My stand was in an open beech clearing on a slope above a stream, beyond which was a thick stand of saplings. Above me, 200 yards away, Lika held the flank to turn any bear toward me that might try to slip through.

I settled down behind a stump and soon, far across the mountain, I could hear the hounds on a scent. A few moments later there was a crashing of dried branches on the slope opposite me. As the sound grew louder I slipped the safe-

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ty catch, brought my rifle to the ready and waited for a bear to charge across the stream below. Only then did I recall the good doctor's assurances about the *doubleur*, and I looked about me. The nearest stand was a good 50 yards away, and at it, armed only with a shotgun, was my escort, Preda, who, to my certain knowledge, had never fired a gun in his life.

I was, therefore, a little relieved when a small wild boar emerged and charged up the slope toward me. Recalling the warning that a bear might be close behind, I let him go and, as he disappeared up the hill in the direction of Lika, I heard a shot.

Then silence again settled on the mountainside. In the west, the sun was sinking. My last hope ebbed away.

As I waited for the beaters to appear, I recalled the weird experience of an Austrian friend of mine who had gone bear shooting in another area of the Carpathian Mountains. He, too, had gone empty-handed to the very last drive and was congratulating himself on a free four days of sport. But then, just as Lika had done, his flank man had fired. A moment later the drive was over and the flank man appeared, trembling and white. He had, he said, shot a bear as it attacked him when he had tried to turn it toward the Austrian. Wouldn't my friend claim it? The Austrian frostily refused, saying he was not in the habit of claiming other people's trophies. Thereupon the hunter had burst into tears. Didn't my Austrian friend realize, he wailed, that he faced a penalty of losing his license and his job and getting a stiff fine and probably six months in jail for shooting without authority? The Austrian pointed out it was surely no crime to shoot in self-defense. On the contrary, the hunter said, he was an expert, and if he was so incautious as to provoke a bear he had to pay the penalty. A ghastly dilemma faced my friend: either the hunter who had risked his life for him went to jail, or he falsely claimed the bear and paid $1,000 to boot. The Austrian chose to save the hunter.

As dusk approached I wondered if I would have been as bighearted. But then

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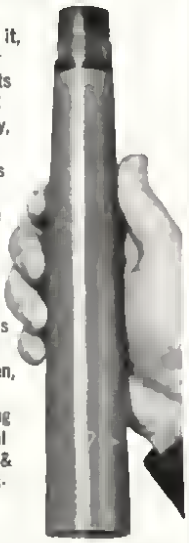
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my attention was caught by more rustling on the slope opposite. Quickly it grew louder as the animal, whatever it was, approached the stream below. Then a great black object broke cover and trotted across the stream and up the slope directly toward me. Hastily I flipped the safety and waited motionless. Only 30 yards separated us when I brought my rifle to my shoulder. Instantly the bear spotted me and paused. Then he let out an angry roar, rose on his hind legs, his front paws waving menacingly, and rushed toward me.

My shot caught him in the chest and he fell forward, his claws grappling the dirt not 20 yards from my stand. I threw another cartridge into the chamber and held the gun to his head for a good minute. But he never moved. A moment later Dima and Lika were beside me, pumping my hand and embracing each other for joy.

Next day, as I slowly trundled westward in the Haflinger, I thought again of the status hunters armed with dollars. Perhaps their motives were some-



times a bit sordid, but I knew that, come next September, I, too, would find it hard to refuse Dima's invitation to come back to the Carpathians for a week's bear hunting or to spend a day in Czechoslovakia banging away at myriads of pheasant or to join Dr. Halasz again in a hunting cart and watch a gigantic stag, his broad antlers swaying gently as he majestically picked his way through the cathedral-like beech forests of Hungary. AND

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It's old hat to mope around just watching birds nowadays. The newest sport is feeding the greedy little moochers **by PARKE CUMMINGS**

Tennis, badminton, squash and other racket games often feature adherents who are models of generosity. Gentlemen or ladies to the core, they quixotically call close decisions against themselves. In a match where they feel the umpire has ruled unfairly in their favor they give away the next point. For a long period of time these games were the world's leading examples of generosity gone hog-wild.

No more. The new leader, by a wide margin, is the activity that threatens to become our national pastime, if it isn't already—bird feeding. Merely to watch birds today stamps you as a deadbeat, taking pleasure in their beauty and their cute ways and giving nothing in return. Now, unless you're a cliff dweller in some crowded metropolis, you're expected to feed the little blighters; and even the city man is apt to be looked on askance if he doesn't do something for the pigeons. In the country, the suburbs or any area where there is even a solitary tree on the horizon, giving the birds free dinners is all but a universal custom. A Connecticut or Oregon yard without a bird feeder is, today, as rare as an Indiana one without a basketball backboard.

Feeders now come in all kinds of shapes—round, conical, cylindrical, square, rectangular. They are made of all kinds of metals, plastics and woods, colored in every conceivable hue. The old days of simply throwing bird seed on the ground are long since past. It is considered demeaning to make our feathered friends scrounge for food in that fashion – and dangerous, too.

In fact, safety is the byword in modern bird-feeder design. Feeders are raised above the ground in order to give the birds a good lookout perch against cats. Just to be on the safe side, most are equipped with some sort of baffle that a cat can't pass, or isn't supposed to, at any rate. These baffles are also—hopefully—squirrelproof. Although squirrels do not eat birds (to my knowledge), they *do* eat bird food, and in prodigious quantities if given a chance. Some bird feeders rely on a system of springs rather than baffles to lick the squirrel problem. If the squirrel climbs up the pole to where the feeder is, his weight causes a cover to come down over the feed compartment. By adjusting the spring at just the right tension, it is also possible—in theory, at any rate—to close the feeder against heavier birds, like blue jays and crows, albatrosses and rocs. By and large, the typical bird-feeding enthusiast seems to be an anti-heavy-bird man, his special loves being petite types like bluebirds, titmice and chickadees.

In referring previously to our feathered songsters as "little blighters" I gave, perhaps, the misleading impression that I am against bird feeding. On the contrary, I am a fairly recent convert to the sport, having purchased one of the spring-type, anti-cat-squirrel-and-big-bird feeders. Along with it I bought a large bag of assorted seed with which I filled the feeder. I then started watching and waiting for results. They were disappointingly slow in coming. Occasional birds lit on the feeder and pecked away at the provender, but the consumption was way below what it should have been as measured by what my numerous bird-feeding friends claim is par. I simply wasn't attracting business.

After a week or so I went to a feed store and told the man my problem.

"What kind of stuff are you feeding them?" he inquired.

"Oh, just general assorted, I guess you'd call it," I said.

He shook his head in kindly fashion. "They'll eat that in a pinch," he told me, "but what they really go for is sunflower seeds. With them it's like candy with children."

So I promptly bought some sunflower seeds, noting, as I counted my change that the stuff cost three times as much as the general mixture. I then filled the feeder and found out in short order that the salesman was right. Birds came from all over the county, fought savage bat-

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tles to get at it and ate themselves into near stupefaction. This is where I made my initial discovery about bird feeding. The average songbird is like a seductive blonde, who expects the most expensive items on the menu and usually manages to get them.

I also discovered that the sport of bird feeding goes against all accepted theories of economics. The idea is simply to feed the birds more than your neighbor does. If your birds eat you out of 10 pounds of seed while Clark, next door, is a miserable five-pound man, you're in a higher echelon even though you've had to give up having the car washed. It's as though a golfer boasted that he'd succeeded in losing 11 balls in 18 holes for a new club record, or a skier was ecstatic because he'd cracked up four pairs of skis in a single season. Bird feeding is masochism at its most refined.

A really classic example of what it does for one is Folsom, one of my best friends. Recently he went away on a week's business trip, and when he returned his wife told him the birds had done him out of 14 pounds of seed—a new record. Folsom was overjoyed. To celebrate the happy event he stirred up a pitcher of martinis and took his wife out to dinner.

Do you get that? Overjoyed the man was. In seventh heaven. He hadn't had the pleasure of watching a single crimson cardinal peck away at a sunflower seed or a solitary cute chickadee dig his beak into a lump of suet. For all Folsom knew, his generosity might have contributed solely to drawing additional starlings to the neighborhood. No matter, Folsom could brag that he was outfeeding every rival in town, and that's all that counts.

To some this might seem like returning from a convention and letting out a whoop of joy on discovering that while you were gone Gina Lollobrigida had been to your house and enjoyed a champagne-and-pheasant dinner with your wife. But that's the way we samaritans operate.

If I were to get another feeder and put it out by the wisteria trellis, I wonder if I wouldn't be able to give away more bird feed than Fuller does; I hear he's creeping up on me. I can always sell my tennis rackets and give up our membership in the beach club.

Hang the fun. It's the expense that counts. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA Eastern Division leader PHILADELPHIA's (18-2) eight-game winning streak ended with a 111–106 loss to the Royals, but a new one started when the 76ers took their next three games. In a 129–115 win over the Bullets, Wilt Chamberlain hit on 16 of 17 shots from the floor and nine of 11 from the foul line for 41 points, and in a 131–123 victory over the Pistons Wilt had 15 assists. BOSTON (15-3) with a 3-1 week remained two games behind the 76ers, while CINCINNATI (9-10) finally showed signs of emerging from its early-season lethargy by taking three of four and moving ahead of NEW YORK (10-12) into third. The Knicks and last-place BALTIMORE (4-19) both lost three of four. In the Western Division, first-place SAN FRANCISCO (14-8) dropped two of five, but the Warriors' lead stretched to three games as ST. LOUIS (9-9) lost four straight. DETROIT (10-12) upset the Celtics 107–105 and split two other games, while LOS ANGELES (7-13) won two of three and climbed out of the cellar past CHICAGO (8-16), losers of two of three. The Bulls' one win, 121–117 over the Lakers, broke a nine-game losing streak.

BOXING—JOE FRAZIER, the undefeated Philadelphia heavyweight, won his 13th fight, a 10th-round knockout of Eddie Machen; in Los Angeles.

CROSS-COUNTRY—DORIS BROWN of Seattle won the National AAU women's championship (1½ miles) in St. Louis by 200 yards over Marie Mulder (*page 30*).

Olympian RON LARRIEU led the Southern California Striders to the men's AAU team championship in Los Angeles when he bounded over the 10,000-meter (6¼ mile) course in 31:23, finishing nearly two minutes ahead of runner-up John Lawson of the Jayhawk (Kans.) Track Club.

TARRY HARRISON of Colorado State, who came in only 27th in the NCAA championships three days earlier, won the USTFF championship in Wichita, Kans., covering the 6-mile course in 29:57, but Kansas State took the team title.

FOOTBALL—NFL: Co-leaders DALLAS (8-2-1) and ST. LOUIS (8-2-1) set the stage for their Eastern Conference showdown in the Cotton Bowl as the Cowboys defeated Cleveland (7-4) 26–14 and the Cardinals beat Pittsburgh (3-7-1) 6–3. In D.C. Stadium all sorts of records were set, including most points by one team in a regular-season game and most points in one game by both teams (113), when WASHINGTON (6-6) trampled New York (1-9-1) 72–41. The Redskins gained the one-team mark on a 29-yard field goal by Charlie Gogolak with three seconds left. GREEN BAY (9-2) neared the Western Division title by beating Minnesota (3-7-1) 28–16 as LOS ANGELES (7-3) handed Baltimore (7-4) its second straight loss, 23–7. John Brodie passed for 254 yards and Ken Willard ran for 114 as SAN FRANCISCO (5-4-2) defeated Detroit (4-7-1) 41–14, while CHICAGO (4-5-2) ended Atlanta's (1-10) winning streak at one with a 23–6 victory.

AFL: KANSAS CITY (9-2-1) won the Western Division title and BUFFALO (8-3-1) moved closer to the Eastern championship with easy wins. The Chiefs beat New York (5-5-1) 32–24, while Wray Carlton scored two touchdowns in leading the Bills to their fifth straight victory, 31–10 over Oakland (7-6). BOSTON (6-3-2), the only team with a chance to catch the Bills, defeated Miami (2-9) 20–14 as Jim Nance ran his season rushing yardage to 1,125 breaking the AFL record set by the Chargers' Paul Lowe last year. Linebacker John (Bull) Bramlett blocked a field-goal try and ran 72 yards for the go-ahead touchdown to give DENVER (3-8) a 20–17 upset over defending champion San Diego (5-5-1).

GOLF—KATHY WHITWORTH won the Titleholders Golf Tournament at the Augusta (Ga.) Country Club for the second straight year. The victory boosted her season earnings to a record $32,317, breaking Mickey Wright's 1963 LPGA mark of $31,269.

JACKY CUPIT took the Cajun Classic in Lafayette, La., last stop on the 1966 PGA tour, when he defeated Chi Chi Rodriguez on the second hole of a sudden-death playoff.

HOCKEY—NFL: CHICAGO (10-4-2) beat the Canadiens 5–0 on Glenn Hall's first shutout of the season and defeated the Bruins 5–4, as Stan Mikita, the league's leading scorer, slapped in three goals. The Black Hawks lost their other two games but still hold a three-point lead. NEW YORK (7-6-5) climbed into a tie for second with TORONTO (6-4-7), winners of two of three, by beating the Bruins 5–4, the Black Hawks 4–1 and the Maple Leafs 5–0. MONTREAL (7-7-1) tied BOSTON (6-8-3) for fourth as the Canadiens won two and lost one, while the Bruins lost three and won one. DETROIT (4-11-2) fell deeper into the cellar by dropping three more to extend its losing streak to six games.

HORSE RACING—MUNDEN POINT ($20.20), with Johnny Rotz up, won the $58,300 Gallant Fox Handicap at Aqueduct by 2¼ lengths over Yonder.

POLO—Argentina won the Cup of the Americas for the third straight time, defeating the U.S. 10–6 and 14–10 in the best-of-three series (*page 85*).

MILESPORTS—NAMED: STEVE SPURRIER, 21, the versatile University of Florida quarterback who led the Gators to an 8-2 record and a spot in the Orange Bowl, as winner of the Heisman Memorial Trophy, awarded annually to the nation's outstanding college football player. "I had hoped I might win the trophy," Spurrier said. "I'm happy for the college, for the state and for the South." Second in the voting was Purdue Quarterback Bob Griese, who led the Boilermakers to an 8-2 record and a place in the Rose Bowl for the first time in the school's history.

NAMED: BUCKPASSER, the winner of 12 straight races in 1966, as Horse of the Year by *The Morning Telegraph* and the *Daily Racing Form*. Owned by Ogden Phipps, trained by Eddie Neloy and ridden by Braulio Baeza, the 3-year-old son of Tom Fool was also voted the best colt in his division and the best handicap horse, to become only the third Thoroughbred in the 31-year history of the poll (the others: Citation in 1948, Sword Dancer in 1959) to sweep all three honors.

NAMED: As American League and National League Rookies of the Year, Center Fielder TOMMY AGEE of the Chicago White Sox and Infielder TOMMY HELMS of the Cincinnati Reds. Agee batted .273, hit 22 home runs, scored 98 runs, drove in 86 and stole 44 bases, while Helms batted .284.

NAMED: By *The Sporting News* as major league Baseball Executive of the Year, Yankee General Manager LEE MacPHAIL for his work as an assistant to Baseball Commissioner William Eckhart; as Manager of the Year, HANK BAUER of the Baltimore Orioles; and as Player of the Year, FRANK ROBINSON, also of the Orioles.

NAMED: The world's ranking woman tennis player by *World Tennis* magazine, BILLIE JEAN KING, 23, of Long Beach, Calif. FRED STOLLE, 28, of Australia was No. 1 among the men, just edging Manuel Santana of Spain. The best male U.S. ranking was fifth by Dennis Ralston.

HIRED: FRANK SELVY, 34, as head basketball coach of Furman University, succeeding Lyles Alley, the head coach for 20 years and athletic director since 1957, who will become full-time athletic director. As a player at Furman, Selvy set 24 national scoring records and in 1954 against Newberry scored 100 points, which still stands as the one-game major-college record. Selvy retired in 1964 after eight years in the NBA and spent the last two seasons as Alley's assistant.

RETIRED: JIM HICKEY, 47, head football coach at North Carolina, after eight years. Hickey compiled a 36-45 record, won one Atlantic Coast title and one Gator Bowl (1963). He will become athletic director at Connecticut, replacing J. O. Christian, who retired in October.

RESIGNED: BERT BELL JR., son of the late NFL commissioner, as business manager of the Baltimore Colts because "of the crass commercialism that is striking at the very heart of the game." Bell added, "The new medium in the NFL is the almighty dollar. I deplore the supermarket air that has invaded pro football."

DIED: MATTY BEGOVICH, 56, for 21 years a collegiate and professional basketball referee and considered by many to be the best official in the game until his retirement in 1956; after complications caused by a heart attack in September; in Miami Beach.

DIED: NORRIS FRIEL, 60, technical director for NASCAR, after an abdominal operation two weeks ago, in Daytona Beach, Fla.

CREDITS

24, 27—Walter Iooss Jr., 29-33—Rich Clarkson 34-36—Dan Uhrbrock; 72, 73—diagrams by Adur Tokatlian, photographed by Richard Mack. 74—BIPPA, V.I.P. Press Agency. 80—Rich Clarkson. 85—Francisco Varo; 91—Nicholas Rossolimo. 113—Garry Cranham, Santa Barbara News-Press, Ken Ramsay Bangor Daily News.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JIM HOGAN, 33, of County Limerick, Ireland, set a world's record of 1:32:25.4 for the 30,000-meter run despite complaining before the start, "The track, the weather—everything's all right except me." Forty-seven people watched the record run.



BILLY DuPRE, 17, of Columbia, S.C., 5 feet 5, 135 pounds, who kicks soccer-style, booted seven field goals for A.C. Flora High School, including 50- and 46-yarders. He also missed just two of 23 extra-point tries—and one was caused by a bad snap from center.



FRANK BOYD, 71, a lanky, retired civil engineer from Santa Maria, Calif., won the first USLTA-sanctioned tournament for players 70 or over by defeating E. H. Bashor, 77, of San Mateo, in the all-septuagenarian singles final, 6-1, 6-3, in Santa Barbara.



HENRY H. ZECKSER, 67, of Seattle, a retired postal official who took up golf at the age of 50, needed only 16 putts in 18 holes at the municipal Jackson Park (Seattle) course. He chipped in on two holes and one-putted the rest (the PGA tour record is 19 putts).



MARY ANNE SEZAK, 14, of Orono, Me., won an age-group state hunter seat equitation title and became the first recipient of the Lisa Beth Galbreath Memorial Trophy. She is a student of Captain Alex Solorzano, former member of Ecuador's Equestrian Team.



STEVE HALL, 11, of Newtown, Ohio, who started shooting with a bow and arrow just three months ago, used a 35-pound bow to bring down an eight-point, white-tailed buck from a tree blind in southern Ohio's Pike County on the second field trip of his life.

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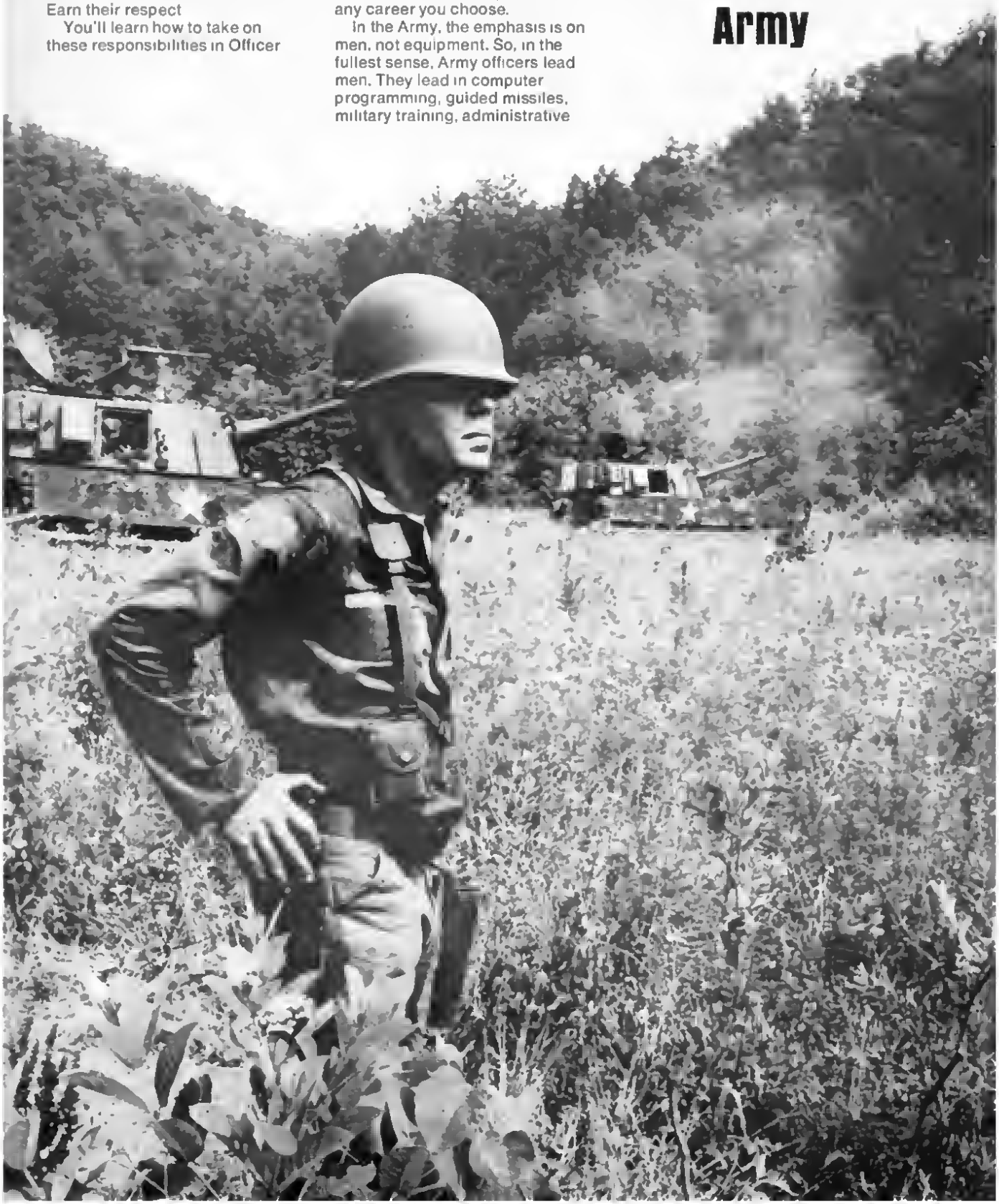
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Since obligatory military service is a fact of life, shouldn't you invest your time as wisely and rewardingly as possible?

Army



19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

SISTERLY KISS

Sirs:

Where was the great spirit of old Notre Dame when Ara settled for that tie (*An Upside-down Game*, Nov. 28)? My opinion of the school, its spirit, and Coach Parseghian is infinitely lower after "the game of the decade."

This certainly doesn't exemplify a national champion to me. I feel Michigan State, which played a tougher schedule, deserves the award. If the sportswriters of America feel only a perfect record is permissible, then even Bear Bryant's Alabama is a better choice.

JEFF CROOK

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sirs:

So Duffy Daugherty thinks Michigan State and Notre Dame ought to be 1 and 1A. Well, Michigan State clearly isn't No. 1, since the Spartans couldn't beat Notre Dame even when half of the Irish first-string backfield was not playing. As for Notre Dame's (or at least its coach's) deplorable lack of nerve in the last minute when they ran out the clock instead of trying for victory, the less said the better. More appropriate labels for the teams would be 2 and 4F. Alabama is No. 1!

CHARLES S. REES

Lexington, Ky.

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' article on the Notre Dame-Michigan State game was quite accurate, and I am sure it reflected the feelings of many football fans across the country, but the write-up seemed a little too idealistic. This was not the old game of football where chances are taken and the spirit and enjoyment of the players overrules the odds of the game. It was the practical business of staying on top, where, if one has no pass receivers and the odds are high that the other team will intercept the ball and go all the way for a touchdown, one doesn't pass.

MICHAEL MACDONALD

Notre Dame, Ind.

Sirs:

One hates to let his Irish temper flare, but it is all too obvious that the blame for the football world's dissatisfaction with an inconclusive tie score in The Game has unjustly fallen on Ara Parseghian. It is a damn shame that the score was not decisive, but that feeling of emptiness in the nation's football heart that Saturday cannot be filled by a postgame plea for stupid football. Coach Parseghian cannot serve as a psychological outlet! Without an extra period or a sudden death playoff granted by the NCAA, any reasonable football fan has to realize that The Game was only one game in a season of 10, and the national championship will have to be decided in view of that entire season, not by an emotional attack on 90 seconds of strategic football.

Perhaps there is a lesson to be learned from those last six plays and the players who executed them. I suggest a new cover title: SPARTAN DEFENSE HOLDS IRISH SECOND STRING TO ONLY 10 POINTS. In this way you will have placed the right light on Ara Parseghian's decision.

To Dan Jenkins, my only advice is to stay away from Notre Dame for a while. Otherwise he may find out just how "loud and loyal" that student body really is. I sure would hate to see him get hit with one of those national-championship trophies.

JAMES E. MACKIN

Notre Dame, Ind.

Sirs:

As a Notre Dame alumnus I blame the obsolete ruling in both college and pro football that permits ties. Coaches, teams and spectators are never satisfied with such an outcome. A sport as great as football should be played until one team wins. An overtime period of from six to 10 minutes should be played, and if there is still no winner, then a sudden-death period should take place.

The argument that it would put too much strain on the players no longer holds true, since, with the platoon system of substitution, players average only 30 minutes each game. Certainly an additional six to 10 minutes would not harm anyone.

HERMAN L. KRIEGSHAUSER

St. Louis

Sirs:

I think the boys from South Bend should now call themselves "The Tying Irish" and drop that old bit about "fighting."

W. A. CURRY

Columbus, Neb.

REALLY GREAT GREATEST

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you on your excellent article concerning the Clay-Williams fight (*The Massacre*, Nov. 21). Cassius Clay (or Muhammad Ali) is without doubt the greatest fighter in the history of boxing.

All I hear is how Rocky Marciano would have killed Clay, but I cannot see how. Slowly but surely the American people will

continued



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realize that Muhammad Ali is the greatest boxer ever to put on gloves.

PAUL GIGLIOTTI

Somerville, Mass.

Sirs:

With all due respect for Cleveland Williams, he has learned that it takes more than talk to defeat Muhammad Ali.

JERRY F. CHISSUS

Brookings, Ore.

WHITE WATER

Sirs:

Congratulations to Robert Cantwell for a fine article on the Canoe River (*Riding Down a Dying River*, Nov. 21). As an avid white-water canoeist, I am well aware of the fact that many of America's fine streams are being destroyed, but only through articles such as this can the true extent of the crime be shown. Few people realize the enjoyment that can be found by paddling down an unspoiled stream. I hope this article has created a few more supporters for the rapidly growing sport of white-water canoeing.

STEFAN UMBERGER

State College, Pa.

Sirs:

I, too, spent last summer paddling down a magnificent Canadian river which may someday be "damned" by a hydroelectric project. This was the Rupert River in Quebec. Unlike the Canoe River, the Rupert has been an historic route of trappers and traders from way back. At its mouth on the eastern shore of James Bay still stands Rupert House, the oldest Hudson's Bay Company post, established in 1668. The Rupert's course from Lake Mistassini is 300 handsome, wilderness miles of canoeable rapids and spectacular chutes and falls. Along its valley the beaver, once near extinction, were nursed back to healthy numbers by the Cree Indians, many of whom still trap there for a living. I have been taking canoe trips for 25 years and have never found one to match the Rupert.

I write because what is happening to the Canoe and the Rupert needs to be publicized. I have been told that within the next decade or two atomic production of electricity will be as economical as hydroelectric power. If this is true, some of our most picturesque and historic rivers are perhaps being needlessly destroyed.

ABBOTT T. FENN

Fitchburg, Mass.

POP-OFF

Sirs:

The other day here in Geneva I picked up a newsstand copy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and the first article that caught my eye was one entitled "Down with Mary Poppins"



Most victims survive first heart attacks. Like this farmer, 3 out of 4 survivors go back to their jobs.

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(SCORECARD, Oct. 24) My first thought was why should an article of this nature appear in a sports magazine? After I read it, I was convinced that it did not belong there, because it tried to compare Mary Poppins with a couple of professional ballplayers. Using your own sports terminology, Mickey Mantle and Willie Mays do not belong in the same league with Mary.

We have taken our little granddaughter to see the Poppins movie on two different occasions, and I can tell you that she and all the other children who attended left the theater with a happy feeling in their hearts and a memory of Mary Poppins that would not soon be forgotten. I hate to think of the impression these same children would gain by attending a game at the ball park in which Mantle or Mays or any other ballplayer of fame, for that matter, was a participant. The Mantles and Mayses come and go. They build up quite a fortune and reputation for themselves, but I hardly think they will ever influence the lives of children. The Poppins legend, on the other hand, and many others like it are cherished by children during their tender years and exert an influence as they grow up. If you cannot understand this then you must not have any children.

You refer to the Mary Poppins statue as "junk art." I would say that term could be better applied to most of the sports junk you regularly publish in your magazine.

WILLIAM A. BUCCI

Geneva, Switzerland

PAIN-KILLER

Sirs:

My congratulations on your fine article on Sherrill Headrick (*A Stoic's Guide to Pro Football*, Nov. 7). He is truly one of the top linebackers in the AFL, and his desire to stay in the ball game even though he is in pain is a good example of the spirit of pro football.

DAVID GLENN

Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:

Your article on Sherrill Headrick was very good. It brought out his determination and his wonderful sense of humor. I am sure Kansas City would not be as successful without the continuous service of a man who puts the game of football ahead of his own injuries.

DAVID ARNS

Rochester, Minn.

Sirs:

SI has some of the finest articles about pro football and its players, but the article on Sherrill Headrick was rather disgusting. Headrick is a good linebacker and may be a pro in other respects, but a real pro is never ashamed to be sidelined because of an in-

continued



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jury or an ailment. No man with any common sense would participate in a game with badly broken bones or other serious injuries.

CHUCK RULANDER

Glenshaw, Pa.

AGGIE IRE

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' description of Texas A&M as simply a "grim-looking military school" (*A Sane Conclusion in a Cockeyed Conference*, Nov. 7) shows a lack of both investigation and intelligence on his part. To be sure, A&M is the greatest source of reserve officers in the nation, but Mr. Jenkins has overlooked several other rather significant factors. Located on the A&M campus are one of the nation's most modern nuclear reactors and the newest type of cyclotron yet developed. Also located here are NASA's research headquarters, the state's most efficient data-computer center, a school of architecture considered one of the best in the nation and a school of veterinary medicine deemed to be the finest in the South and Southwest.

Had Mr. Jenkins taken a closer look at the Aggie alums who attend A&M games, he would have discovered not only Texas county agents who have "crawled out of their offices" but executives of Gulf Oil, Texaco, Southwestern Bell, Texas' largest banks and power companies, the Texas Highway Department, numerous doctors and lawyers and several members of the U.S. House of Representatives, as well as an impressive number of military personnel.

DAVE E. GRAHAM

Washington

Sirs:

Perhaps it would be wise to have "General" Honor Fitzpatrick (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, Nov. 7) work with associate editors such as Dan Jenkins to encourage them to avoid being obnoxious in their writing and reporting. Texas A&M has a better physical plant, teaching staff and administration than the majority of universities in this country. Aggie jokes generally are told by non-Aggies who are envious of the Aggie spirit—a tangible and awe-inspiring thing not evident in any other university or college.

ALAN R. DUKE

Pasadena, Texas

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' article insults A&M as an educational institution and it casts a reflection on its many distinguished graduates. The Aggies may have crawled out of the woodwork to go to College Station to see their football team soundly trounced by a fine Arkansas squad, but that night Dan Jenkins was the only termite in Kyle Field.

JACK ROEDER

Houston



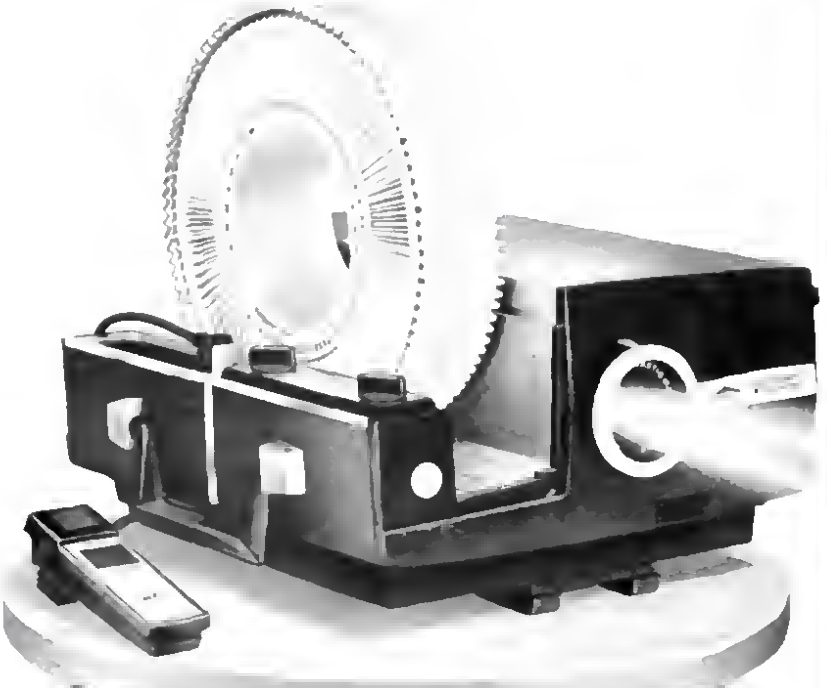
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